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CORRESPONDENCE.

From the tone of an article in the *Times*, there seems to have been some fear of a revulsion in the prosperity of England; but we hope that it was not well founded. The immense increase in the consumption of iron—for ships and houses, as well as for railroads, and upon the Continent as well as in Great Britain—sufficiently accounts for the advance of price, and the increase of business in that branch of trade. Our American iron masters will probably partake of this prosperity.

The *Times* has now its "own correspondent" regularly established at the town of Victoria in Hong-kong; and that writer makes some very interesting but by no means encouraging remarks on the state and prospects of trade. It is to be feared, he says, that much delusion has existed in England on the subject. "Although, ultimately, a new market may be found for English manufactures by the opening of additional ports, and the removal of many restrictions and charges, yet, in fact, China had previously, through Canton, taken all our goods for which there was any demand. Before we can hope for any important increase of that demand, there must be time to create among the Chinese a greater desire for our manufactures—a new order of wants; and until this is effected, this prudent people, who have but little superfluous to dispose of, will hardly expend that little upon goods which they neither appreciate nor admire, simply because they are offered for sale at five ports on the coast instead of one." "It may be well for our mercantile community at home to pause before they take it for granted that there are 300,000,000 people all ready to receive what we are ready to part with. Let them add two other considerations,—first, to introduce new goods, our merchants must be prepared to take more Chinese products in barter; for, if the Chinese enter into a cash trade for opium, we may be assured they will do so for no other product. China is most unfortunately deficient in exports; and the only obvious means, therefore, of suddenly enlarging the market, is to take more tea; and towards this consummation, however devoutly desired, the first step must be a reduction of the duty on tea at home from 220 per cent., the present rate, to something like cent per cent., or 1s. per pound instead of 2s. 2½d. Otherwise, increased imports of tea beyond the consumption only lead

to a fall in the price, which does not leave a sufficient margin for the profit of the importer, or indeed secure him from ruinous loss such as no prudent merchant would risk. The second point referred to consists in the facility with which, in piece-goods and in other important articles of commerce, the Americans can undersell us: in lead they have nearly driven the English out of the market; in cotton goods and 'domestics,' they sell at a rate which will scarcely remunerate the English manufacturer. Trade is at present, and has hitherto been, heavy in everything but opium." The tea-trade has opened inauspiciously. It has been the custom at Canton for the first sales of each season to regulate prices: while the merchants were a limited body, they settled prices deliberately; under the new order of things, brokers have risen up, with no interest beyond their commission; they have not scrupled to purchase teas at any price; prices have therefore begun at a high rate, sales have been checked, some of the finest qualities alone having been sold, and the great mass of the tea left in the hands of the native merchants, to their great disgust. "They cannot, or will not, understand the new order of things, and the necessity for departing from the custom which insisted that the upset price of the first sales should regulate the remainder. The tea-men at Canton have lately issued a truly amusing remonstrance on this subject, addressed to the foreign merchants—'How could we know,' exclaims the Woon merchant of the central flowery land, 'that all you honorable merchants should change your former way, and become crafty, capricious, merely choosing a few teas of chops of the most superior Woon-ning teas, and forthwith desisting, (from purchasing,) causing people to feel the most anxious and painful suspense—the misery of those who look to the corner of the wall and sigh after painted prunes?' However unpalatable the task, the Chinese tea-men, we apprehend, will have to learn that the old custom must be changed, and that much greater reductions than have ever entered into their calculations must be made before they can sell this year's products. The large stock which was received in England last year, to make way for the exchange of our goods on an increased scale, has led to a proportionate diminution of the prices of tea at home; and at the present rate of prices at Canton, no one can purchase without almost certainty of loss."

The Queen's Speech was transmitted, by the electric telegraph on the South-Western Railway. A copy of the *Globe*, containing it, was received at the London terminus at half-past-two. In two hours, the entire speech, containing 3500 letters, was received at the Gosport station, and immediately afterwards, printed and distributed through the town. A letter from Mr. Cooke at the Gosport station, acknowledging the receipt of the speech, was returned to town, and printed and published in the *Globe* before 7 o'clock the same evening.

At a meeting of the Polytechnic Institution, Dr. Ryan delivered a lecture for the purpose of noticing an apparatus by Mr. Phillips, called the "fire-annihilator." After explaining the theory of the earlier chemists, and the more modern views of Lavoisier and others, and the consideration of the supporters and non-supporters of combustion, he pointed out the effects of volumes from nitrogen or from carbonic acid upon the flame of coal gas; and after showing that combustion instantly ceased in an atmosphere containing but a short per centage of these gases, he proceeded to explain that Mr. Phillips used a mixture of coke, nitre and sulphate of lime, with a little water. Dr. Ryan kindled a fire in an iron house, and as soon as the combustion was complete, he introduced a small apparatus, not holding more than two ounces of the material, and in half a minute, the fire was completely extinguished.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE UNCEASING PRESS of *Harper & Brothers* supplies us, this week, with

NEW ORLEANS AS I FOUND IT, by H. DIDIMUS. This is an original work, we mean a copy-right; and is only the first part, which shows how the writer found it in 1835-6. The second part will show the changes of nine years.

KEEPING HOUSE AND HOUSEKEEPING. A Story of Domestic Life, edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. This little book is on a subject which interests us all, and being by Mrs. Hale, is, of course, both pleasant and good.

WANDERING JEW. Nos. 9 and 10.

THE ILLUSTRATED AND ILLUMINATED BIBLE. No. 22.

VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD. Of this delightful little book hundreds of thousands will be scattered over the land. It contains the *Voyages of D'Entrecasteaux, Marchand, Vancouver, Edwards, Wilson, Fanning, Turnbull, Baudin, Freycinet, Duperrey, D'Urville, Bougainville, La Place, Krusenstern, Kotzebue, Lutké, Hall, Ruschenberger, Fitzroy, Meyen, Wilson, Belcher and Ross.* Price 50 cents!

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, for March, 1845.

I WILL BE A LADY: a book for Girls, by Mrs. Tuthill. This is a counterpart to I'll be a Gentleman, by the same publishers, Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, Boston,

THE PRESENT.

Oh! slight not the present—the past is arrayed
In a dim and indefinite mantle of shade;
Disturb not the calm of its mist-covered plains,
Where glide the pale ghosts of lost pleasures and pains.

The future! what mortal may pierce its thick cloud!

The future is wrapped in uncertainty's shroud;
Dark trials, keen cares, from that shroud may arise,

Or its secrets may ne'er be disclosed to thine eyes.

The present! oh! wish not its moments away;
A talisman dwells in the might of to-day;
Past seasons are buried, the future unknown,
But the bright sunny present, at least, is thine own.

I seek not, like vain thoughtless minstrels, to sing
Of the blossoms and warmth of life's beautiful spring;

I woo thee not lightly, to while the fleet hours
In numbering sunbeams, and gathering flowers.

No! fain would I bid thee from knowledge implore

Each day some new treasure to add to thy store;
And gently some service or kindness impart,
To glad the worn fortune, or soothe the sad heart.

Each day may thy home and its fondly-loved ties
Acquire fresh attraction and worth in thine eyes;
Yet with strengthened devotion on God may'st thou call,

And feel that for Him thou could'st part from them all.

Thus live, and thou wilt not in weariness cast
Thy glance from the present to picture the past,
Nor marvel what earth's mystic future may be,
Since Heaven hath in store a bright future for thee.

Metropolitan.

BEATRICE.

With drooping eyes and drooping curls,
And drooping feather, large and white,
Proudest yet gentlest of sweet girls,
She stands beneath the evening light.

And o'er her lovely face the while,
The lingering hues of dreamy thought
Have stolen away the playful smile,
Which day and lively hours had brought.

For she hath left the jesting throng
Of friends, to feed her pensive mood,
Where leaves and streams are at their song,
In a green summer solitude.

And quiet as the scene around,
The maiden stands with placid face,
Her dark eyes bending on the ground;
Ah! would she lift them up a space.

But no—she moveth slowly on;
She will not smile—she will not look;
For she into herself hath gone
Too deep our company to brook.

Go, lovely Beatrice, and seem
Unto thy friends like thy sweet face
To us: a thoughtful poet's dream
Of woman's dignity and grace.

Metropolitan.

From the Athenæum.

United States Exploring Expedition. 5 vols.
Wiley & Putnam.

THE second volume of this important work has now come to hand. As the first scientific expedition fitted out by the United States, we felt from the first, and continued to feel, the sincerest interest in its progress and results. In rendering an account of both, we are desirous, indeed, of abstaining from criticism, and, considering the adventure as a virgin experiment, to treat it with consideration and respect. We shall, therefore, take the account substantially as it stands, and give to the commander the benefit of his own position.

We find our explorers, at the opening of this volume, in sight of Tahiti, and are soon called upon to witness their arrival and reception. Nor is there any delay in commencing operations. An observatory, furnished with both astronomic and magnetic instruments, is at once established, and parties are sent out for the survey of the principal harbors and the intervening channels. A large body of officers and naturalists were also sent across the islands to visit Orohena, one of the highest peaks, and lake Waihera. They could not, however, reach the desired spot, but some days afterwards Captain Hudson, with his officers, succeeded in measuring the elevation of Aorai, the peak which is next in height to Orohena. This he found to be 6,979 feet; Orohena appeared to be about 1,500 feet higher. From these two peaks, ridges descend to all parts of the coast; they are precipitous and narrow, their summit being often a mere edge, where walking is not only dangerous but sometimes impossible. Here, too, we meet with the American and French Consul, and with Mr. Pritchard. The following passage introduces us to another important personage:—

“The governor of the district of Matavai, Taau, was the first acquaintance of any distinction that we made. He had already visited the Vincennes on her anchoring. He is a fine-looking man, of huge proportions, and has a large establishment near Point Venus, where he monopolized nearly all the washing, which was performed by his numerous dependents. By this business he derives some remuneration for the cost of feeding and clothing them, putting the gains of their labor into his own pocket. Such, at least, is his own account of the transaction. Taau's usual dress was a striped cotton shirt, nankeen pantaloons that had once been yellow, and a round jacket of blue cloth. Both shirt and pantaloons were too tight, and he had neither suspenders nor stockings, although he wore shoes. In this guise he had an awkward look, which he probably would not have exhibited in a native costume. He was profuse in offers of hospitality at his own house, and many of the officers were induced to accept his invitations. His entertainments appear to have been of the same general character with that to which I was treated, and which will, therefore, serve as a specimen of the mode in which such things are done by the ‘good society’ of Tahiti. We reached his dwelling in time to see the preparations for the feast. These were entrusted to his man of all work, Stephen, or as he called him, ‘Stiffin.’ This useful personage exhibited his dexterity, not only in cooking, but in killing the poultry. The bird selected was a cock, for the Tahitians well understand the difference in value between it and the hens; and Stephen exhibited much adroitness in

the slaying, plucking, and dressing. While this was going on, the stones for the Tahitian oven, so often described by voyagers, were heating, and when they had acquired the proper temperature, the ashes were carefully swept off—bread-fruit, taro, and plantains, wrapped in leaves, were then laid on the stones, with the fowl in the centre, and the whole covered up. In about an hour the oven was carefully opened, the contents exposed, and found to be thoroughly cooked. The dinner was then served in an earthen dish, with a knife and fork, when, although the fowl was somewhat tough, it was greatly relished. The dinner hour was one o'clock. Taau, according to the universal opinion of the squadron, did not improve upon a closer acquaintance. His intrusive and greedy disposition, not to mention his fondness for the bottle, rendered him daily a less welcome visitor than at first. I must, however, do him the justice to say, that if he were wanting in other traits of character that ought to distinguish a chief, he did the honors of his house admirably, and that he must be seen in the capacity of a host, if a favorable opinion is to be formed of his character.”

Honorable mention is made of Mr. Pritchard and his mode of conducting the schools; there are, indeed, few natives who cannot both read and write, even those advanced in years. The account of the island is altogether favorable, and so is the testimony borne to the utility of the missionaries. The latter, however, are subject to some animadversion:—

“Although much has been done for the improvement of the natives, still it appears evident that much more might have been done if the missionaries had not confined themselves so exclusively to teaching from the Scriptures. The natives, by all accounts, are extremely fond of story-telling, and marvellous tales of their ancestors and ancient gods, are even now a source of amusement. The missionaries, as I am told, possess much information in relation to the history and mythology of the island, embodied in the superstitious tales still occasionally current among its inhabitants. It is to be hoped that they will preserve a record of these, before they are obliterated by their exertions to destroy the ancient superstition. But they would have succeeded sooner in eradicating the practice of reciting these legends, had they provided a substitute in works of fiction, inculcating moral or religious lessons, or teaching useful knowledge. So also, while it was indispensable to put down those amusements which were the means or incentives to debauchery, this measure ought to have been accompanied by the introduction of innocent modes of recreation. For want of the first resource, much time is now spent in unmeaning gossip, and the necessity for the other is often shown in a listless idleness. No attempt has been made by the missionaries to introduce the mechanic arts, or improvements in agriculture, yet it cannot be doubted, that to have taught them even the simplest of these, would have materially aided the progress of civilization, and reacted favorably upon that of religion. The failure of a cotton manufactory, with expensive machinery, which was erected on the island of Eimeo, affords no argument against the probable success of less complex arts. The natives were not prepared to pass at once from habits of desultory exertion, to the regular and stated occupation of the mill. But the spinning-wheel, the hand-loom, and the plough, would not have re-

quired such a decided change in the number of hours of labor, and would have served as a preparation for more continuous industry. The two former implements have at length been introduced by other hands, and have already been adopted with eagerness by some of the natives. The change of dress which has been introduced by the missionaries and other foreigners, has, on the contrary, had an injurious effect on the industry of this people. While they wore their native tapa, the fabric, though of little value, gave employment to numbers of women; and this change of dress, though intended as an advance in civilization, has had the effect of superseding employments which formerly engaged their attention, and occupied their time. The idleness hence arising, and the artificial wants thus created, have no little influence in perpetuating licentiousness among the females, to whom foreign finery is a great temptation. The European dress, at least as worn by them, is neither as becoming, nor as well adapted to the climate as that which it has almost superseded. Many of the missionaries now see these things in their true light, and informed me that they were endeavoring to pursue a more enlightened course."

We shall now follow our explorers to the harbor of Papieti. There the commander invited the great chiefs on board:—

"The ship was dressed for the occasion with flags, and they were received with every mark of respect. Luncheon was prepared for them; and when they were all seated at it, it struck me that I had never seen such a collection of corpulent persons. Previous to eating, one of the oldest chiefs said grace. Their appetites were good; none of the food appeared to come amiss. They seemed heartily to enjoy themselves, and conducted themselves with a propriety that surprised us all. They were cautious in partaking of the wine which was set before them, and seemed evidently upon their good behavior. This was the case with the high chiefs, who, to the number of about fifteen, had been invited; but, besides these, about an equal number of others contrived to get on board without invitation; the latter thrust themselves forward with eagerness to occupy places at the table, but were compelled to give place to those of higher rank. A second table was, however, prepared for them, at which they took their seats, and did ample justice to what was set before them. The variety of costume which was exhibited at this banquet was amusing. The princesses were dressed in white frocks, shoes and stockings, and chip bonnets, but looked awkwardly in them, and appeared more like boys in girls' clothes than women. Some of the men wore full suits—coats, vests, and pantaloons—of a variety of colors; others had sailors' round jackets; others again had only shirts and pantaloons, all too small, both in breadth and length. Some had black felt hats, of all possible fashions, and others wore them of straw; some had shoes on their feet, others had none. Paofai's son attracted attention by his ridiculous appearance: he wore a red check shirt, light white pantaloons, that reached only half way down his legs, coarse shoes without stockings, and a short-skirted drummer's coat of blue, plentifully faced with scarlet. The latter was so small for him, that no force would make it button upon him. To finish all, he had a high-crowned conical felt hat stuck upon the top of his head."

Another attempt was made to reach the top of

Orohena, by Dr. Pickering and Mr. Couthouy. By nine o'clock in the morning they had, after a walk of about six miles, attained a higher point than any on their former journey, about 3,500 feet:—

"When they had reached the altitude of fifteen hundred feet they no longer found any paths; on arriving at this point, they halted for some time to make collections of land-shells, and some very interesting specimens were obtained of *Helices*, *Patulas*, *Cyclostomas*, *Curocollas*, and *Pupas*; after this they continued ascending, the ridge gradually becoming narrower, until they reached a spot on the ridge where there was not room for one person to pass by another, and where they could look down a precipice on each side to depths of two thousand feet. Plants that were below of small size here grew into large woody shrubs: among them a species of *Epaeris* was found growing luxuriantly along the crest of the ridges, and magnificent arborescent ferns on the mountain sides, some of them forty feet in height; another species was seen whose fronds were more than twenty feet in length. Their path was much impeded by the tangled ferns and wiry grass (*Gleichenia*) which it was impossible to get through without the aid of a knife or a hatchet. They had now reached four thousand five hundred feet, the highest point yet attained, according to the guide, by white men; two o'clock had arrived, and as there was no place where they could encamp, or any chance of reaching a point suitable for passing the night in, by the advice of Vahaore [their guide] they allowed him to look for one. The mountain top was still estimated to be six miles distant; they had little doubt that it could be ascended by following the ridge, and it was thought that they could accomplish the task if time permitted. The day was fine, and they enjoyed a view of the whole mountain, which appeared as if it were the centre, from which the different ridges of the island radiate in ten or twelve directions towards the coast, having deep and narrow valleys between them, through which the mountain torrents rush; these valleys spread out as they approach the coast, and the ridges become more rounded and accessible. After reconnoitring the ground for some time, Vahaore recollected a place where they might pass the night, which he thought was not far distant. He therefore immediately began to break a road, which he continued for about a quarter of a mile along the ridge. He then reached a place where the descent might be made, which, however, to all appearances, presented as few facilities for the purpose as any they had before looked at. They, however, tried it, and after a hard scramble reached, about sunset, the place he sought. The descent was estimated to be about two thousand feet, and was performed partly by leaping from tree to tree, and partly by lowering one another by ropes over precipitous ledges from ten to twelve feet in height. In the words of Sacket, 'No man in his senses ever went down such a place before, and none but a fool would attempt to do so again.' At the foot of the descent lay the first valley, and they found themselves among groves of the wild banana (*fahies*.)"

It having been determined to make a thorough examination of the group of the Samoan Islands, Tutulia, as the most central, was selected for their station:—

"The men of Tutulia, are a remarkably tall,

fine-looking set, with intelligent and pleasing countenances. In comparison with the Tahitians, they would be called sedate. The women are far from being good-looking, with the exception of some of the younger ones. They are remarkably domestic and virtuous, exhibiting a strange contrast to those of Tahiti. Here there is no indiscriminate intercourse; the marriage tie is respected, parents are extremely fond of their offspring. The inhabitants are disposed to be hospitable to strangers, although they expect remuneration for it. Travelling is generally believed to be safe throughout the island of Tutuila, and the natives, as far as our experience goes, are not the blood-thirsty race they have been reported to be. The unfavorable estimate of their character has, I presume, been derived from those who first knew them, and particularly from their attack upon the expedition of La Perouse. Of this conflict I obtained the following particulars from the Rev. Mr. Murray, who had them from an old man, who was a witness of the affray. The latter is the only individual now alive in the settlement who was present when it occurred, and his testimony was corroborated by others who had heard of it from those who witnessed the scene. On the morning of the massacre, the vessel stood in towards the land. About noon the boats went ashore, as recorded by La Perouse, and while on shore, a number of canoes, belonging to the island of Upolu, (to which Tutuila was at the time subject,) went from the shore, and proceeded directly to the vessels. When these canoes were alongside, a young man in one of them laid his hand on an iron bolt in some part of the ships, with the intention, it was supposed, of stealing it. He was fired upon by the French. The ball passed through his shoulders, and mortally wounded him. The natives, on seeing the effect of the shot on one of their number, were greatly enraged, and immediately left the vessels, and hastened to the shore, where they found the boats that had gone to get water. On reaching them, they began the attack, which resulted in the massacre of M. De Langle, and of those who were with him on shore. When the natives began this attack the great body of the French were absent from their boats; some were in the bushes gathering plants, and others talking to the females. On the commencement of the disturbance, they all rushed towards their boats, and the confusion became general. The minute circumstances of the affray, farther than the above, cannot now be ascertained from the natives. They are, however, very clear in reference to the cause, and to those who were the actors in it, viz., the natives of Upolu. The Tutuilians maintain that they endeavored to save the lives of the French; and, on the following day, as soon as they dared to venture from the mountains, whither they had fled during the massacre, they collected the bodies, which they found in a state of nudity, dressed them in native cloth, and buried them in the beach, as they were accustomed to bury their own chiefs. The actors in the massacre proceeded at once to Upolu, which will account for their having been afterwards seen there, and recognized by the French. Our inquiries relative to the spot where they had buried the bodies, were not satisfactorily answered. How the carpenter's son escaped is not known. He is said to be still living at a village on the eastern part of the island. There appears to be mention made of a boy among the missing, in La Perouse's account. Levasii, a chief

of the district of Faleletai, was at the massacre of the party of La Perouse. He was then a boy of thirteen years of age. He remembered the occurrence, and that three of the Papalangi were killed. The perpetrators of the deed were some young chiefs from the district, who were on a 'malanga' to Tutulia. At that time Aana district had the rule, or was the 'Malo' party, and domineered over the inhabitants of the other islands and districts."

The following incident, which took place at Upolu, is suggestive:—

"At noon we descried the Peacock lying in the harbor of Apia, and shortly afterwards I received a message from Captain Hudson, saying that my presence was required on shore. In the hope that it was not a business of such a nature as to cause detention, I left the Vincennes in the offing, while I went ashore in my boat. On reaching the land, I found the chiefs engaged in the trial of a native called Tuvai, who had killed an American named Edward Cavanaugh, a native of New Bedford. It appeared that on Captain Hudson's arrival the murderer was pointed out to him in the village, upon which he very properly determined to have the offender punished, and gave orders to have him arrested. He was in consequence seized in a house near the water, and carried on board the Peacock. Being taken by surprise, he offered no resistance to his capture. Captain Hudson then requested a conference with the neighboring chiefs, who in consequence had assembled on the 27th. The fono, as such assemblies are called, was held in the council-house, or fale-tele, where the chiefs were collected. The Rev. Mr. Mills acted as interpreter on the occasion. Captain Hudson, through him, stated that the object of his having requested them to assemble was to bring the accused to a trial before them, in order that if his guilt were established, he might be brought to condign punishment: he then pointed out to them the guilt and consequences of the crime of murder, and declared the course he had considered it his duty to adopt. The chiefs listened attentively to this address, and in reply, through the principal one, admitted that the man taken was in reality the guilty person, a fact known to every person upon the island. Captain Hudson then stated to them that it was absolutely necessary that Tuvai should be promptly punished, in order that others might be deterred from the commission of the same crime. He suggested, however, that in spite of the universal belief in Tuvai's having committed the crime, it was proper that he should undergo a trial, or at least an examination, in order that he might have the privilege of being heard in his own defence. This suggestion being approved, Tuvai was brought on shore under a military guard, and placed in the centre of the building. He was an ill-looking fellow, of about twenty-eight years of age, and manifested no fear, but looked about him with the greatest composure. The trial was simple enough; he was first asked by the chiefs whether he was guilty of the crime, to which he answered that he was; being next asked why he had committed it, he replied that he had done it in order to possess himself of the man's property (clothes and a knife.) The chiefs, among whom was Pea, of Apia, to whom the criminal was distantly related made every effort in their power to save his life: stating that he was in darkness, and therefore unconscious of the guilt of the action, when he committed the murder; that as they had

but just emerged from heathenism they ought not to be subjected for past actions to laws they knew not; that these laws were made for people who occupied a more elevated station; that Tuvai was a poor man of no account, and was not a person of sufficient importance to be noticed by a great people like us; that *faa Samoa* (the Samoan fashion) did not allow men to be put to death in cold blood, but that after so long a time had elapsed, as in the instance before them, it admitted of a ransom. Pea went on to say, that many bad acts had been committed upon natives by white men, with impunity, and asked whether the Christian religion sanctioned the taking of human life. He then appealed to our generosity to pardon the present crime, and assured us that no such offences should be committed in future. Pea had one of those countenances which exhibits all that is passing in the mind. It was amusing to see him at one time exhibiting a picture of whimsical distress at the idea of being compelled to put his kinsman to death, and immediately afterwards laughing at something ludicrous which had occurred to him. Pea was seconded in his endeavors by Vavasa, of Manono, one of the finest-looking of the chiefs, whose attitudes and movements were full of grace, and his manner exceedingly haughty and bold. In reply to their arguments, Captain Hudson stated, that however freely other sins might be forgiven, in consideration of their late benighted state, even the darkness of Paganism could not extenuate the crime of murder. He told them the Scriptures said, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;' that nothing but the life of the offender could satisfy the demands of justice, and that they must execute the criminal themselves. This announcement caused much excitement; the chiefs again asserted that they knew no such laws; that by the customs of Samoa, the anger of the friends and relations of a person who had been killed was to be appeased by a present from the criminal or his relations, and by a form of submission, which consisted in knocking their heads three times on the ground. To this it was replied, that the guilt of the prisoner had been proved and admitted—he must die. The chiefs, after much reluctance, consented, but expressed great repugnance to an immediate execution. They urged in the most strenuous manner, that the criminal should be carried on board ship, and executed there, or that he should be taken to some uninhabited island and left. These alternatives were refused by Captain Hudson, and the chiefs seemed in great distress. At this point of the discussion, the *Vincennes* was announced as being in sight, and the proceedings were suspended. An officer was immediately despatched, who, as has been already mentioned, boarded that vessel off the harbor. When I landed, I found the assembly anxiously awaiting the result of my arrival. Captain Hudson and myself had a private interview, in which he detailed all the facts, and stated that it had been his intention to compel the chiefs to make all the preparations for the execution, but before it was carried into effect to come forward and reprieve the criminal, at the same time requesting Mr. Mills to make an appropriate speech, stating the reasons for the pardon. After a full discussion of the whole subject, we came to the conclusion, that it would be best to transport the criminal to some other island; for it appeared probable that this would have a better effect than even his execution, as it would be longer remembered, while to cause him to be put

to death might naturally excite a desire of revenge. This decision was at once communicated to the chiefs, with a statement, that in conformity with the laws of Tahiti in such cases, Tuvai should be transported to a desert island where he would never again have an opportunity of killing a white man. The chiefs, though evidently relieved from the most intense part of their distress, were still much affected by this decision. The prisoner was then ordered to be taken on board the *Peacock*, whither he was followed by a crowd of natives, with many tears and lamentations, among whom his wife was the most affected. Among others, Pea, the chief of Apia, to whom, as has been stated, the prisoner was related, was very much distressed and excited. Unable to vent his rage and trouble in any other manner, he spent it upon the crowd around him, striking in all directions with a huge stem of a cocoa-nut leaf, by which he soon dispersed them. I felt a curiosity to see what effect the sentence would have upon the prisoner. Death he would have suffered without uttering a murmur; but when he heard he was to be taken from his native land, his firmness was overcome, and he was observed to shed tears. He made no resistance to his being removed on board ship, but after he got there he said he would rather be put to death and buried in his own native island, than banished to a desert one. After this difficult business was arranged, they brought their own grievances before me, and particularly their complaints against the American whalers. They said that some of them had evaded their port-charges, and refused to pay for the provisions with which they had been furnished. To this I replied that I was ready to indemnify them for their losses, and should ask no other proof of them than their own statement. They appeared struck with the unexpected liberality of this offer; but, after consultation, as if to manifest a corresponding feeling, declined to accept it. I then informed them that their port-charges for the squadron should be paid, which gave much satisfaction, particularly to old Pea, who would derive the principal benefit from them. The fono then broke up in great good humor. Pea and some of the other chiefs were very anxious to hear from me what sort of an island Tuvai was to be put upon. They asked many questions in relation to it, and always among the first, whether there would be any cocoa-nut trees, Nature's first and best gift to them, upon it. Wishing to make the intended punishment as terrible as possible to them, I always replied that there would be none whatever. After Tuvai was again on board ship, old Pea paid him a visit, in the course of which the former melted into tears, howled bitterly, and begged that he might be taken on shore to be put to death, in order that his body might be buried in his native soil. It appeared from information that we received, that this was a part of a concerted plan to obtain a farther commutation of his sentence, and that this affecting interview was got up in order to excite our sympathies. Finding it did not produce the desired effect, old Pea went about the ship with a doleful visage, exclaiming, '*Eoloisa-ia-tu-Tuvai*'—have compassion on Tuvai."

As we proceed with the volume before us, we are constantly provoked to be critical; but shall, except on one topic, persevere in our original intention, of giving the commander the unquestioned benefit of his own statements. Our next extract is of a legendary character:—

"Messrs. Dana and Couthuoy visited a lake

called Lauto, which lies to the westward of this pass, and in the centre of an extinct crater. The edge of the crater was found to be two thousand five hundred and seventy feet above the sea, and the descent thence to the water of the lake is one hundred and twenty feet. These gentlemen succeeded in obtaining a line of soundings across the lake, by cutting down trees, and forming a raft of them. They found the depth, in the middle, nine and a half fathoms, decreasing thence gradually in all directions to the shore. The form of the lake is nearly circular, and it has a subterranean outlet. The hill in which this crater is situated is conical, and there is a low knoll at some distance to the south of it, which is the only other elevation in the neighborhood, above the general height of the ridge. The border of the crater is clothed with the usual forest foliage of these islands, which, however, exhibits here more than usual beauty, being decorated with the finely-worked fronds of the arborescent ferns, in widely-spread stars, and the graceful plumes of a large mountain palm. The poets of the island have appreciated the beauty of the place, and allude to the perpetual verdure which adorns the banks of the lake, in the following line :

Lauto'o e le toi a e lau mea.

Lauto, untouched by withered leaf.

There is a legend connected with this lake, that has more of poetic beauty and feeling than one would have supposed to exist among so rude a people. It is as follows. Many generations since, during a war between Upolu and Savaii, a number of war-canoes, from the latter island, crossed over to attack Ulatamoa, (or, as it is now called, Ulumoenaga,) the principal town in the district of Aana. At the time of their approach, two brothers, To'o and Ata, chanced to be paddling their canoes in the channel between the reef and the shore, and before they could reach the land, were attacked by a party of Savaiians. After a valiant defence, Ata was overpowered and slain, while To'o narrowly escaped the same fate. Overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of a brother whom he tenderly loved, To'o retired to a neighboring mountain, and burying himself in the darkest recesses of its forests, made them resound with his bitter lamentations. At length, in his wanderings, he came to the summit, where, stooping down, he scooped out with his hands a vast hollow, and, leaning over its brink, suffered his tears to fall in until it was filled. The lake thus formed, has ever since borne the appellation of Lauto-to'o. The regard of To'o for his brother was further evinced by his adoption of Ata's name, conjoined to his own, as his family title, and the appellation of Teoomata, a contraction of To'o-ma-ata, is retained by his descendants, who are still chiefs of note in Upolu, and from whom the tradition was derived. The lake of Lauto is regarded with superstitious dread by the natives, who believe it to be the abode of the spirits, who, in former times, were regarded with great veneration, and worshipped. These were supposed to inhabit the waters of the lake, in the shape of eels, as thick as a cocoa-nut tree, and two fathoms long. The attempt of our gentlemen to explore it, was looked upon as such a profanation, that their native guides left them, and regarded them as persons doomed to accident, if not to destruction. The eels were represented as so savage and fierce, that they would bite a person's leg off.

No eels, however, nor any other fish, were seen in the lake."

We have also an account of a new faith :—

"In the different jaunts across the island, many of the 'Devil's,' or unconverted, towns were visited, where our parties were always treated with great hospitality. At the town of Siusinga, the chief who entertained our party was a priest of the *Gimblet* religion. This new faith has made some progress among these islands, and has the following singular origin : A native of Savaii, by name Seeovedi, was taken from that island by a whale-ship, and did not return for several years. During his absence he visited several ports, where it would seem he obtained some notions of the forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church. Possessed of considerable natural shrewdness, he founded on this knowledge a plan to save himself from labor for the future, by collecting followers at whose expense he might be maintained. During his absence, and while on board the whale-ship, he had received, as is usual in such cases, instead of his native name, that of Joe Gimblet ; and this cognomen is now firmly attached to the sect of which he was the founder. Having formed the plan of founding a sect, he did not scruple as to the means of carrying it into effect ; for he boldly claimed a heavenly mission, professing to hold converse with God, and asserting that he possessed the power of working miracles, raising the dead, &c. He soon gained many proselytes, and had attained great consideration and authority, when, unfortunately for him, he was called upon to exert his pretended power of raising the dead, by restoring to life the favorite son of a powerful chief called Lelomiava, who had been murdered. Joe did not hesitate to undertake the accomplishment of this miracle. He, in the first place, directed a house to be built for the reception of the body, and when it was finished, he required that it should be supplied with the best provisions. In conformity with this requisition, the choicest articles of food that could be obtained were regularly handed to Joe for the use of the defunct, upon whom he alone waited, while every other person, except the chief and himself, was excluded from the building. The food thus regularly supplied, as regularly disappeared, and Joe assured the chief that his son had eaten it, and, under this bountiful allowance, would soon recover his strength, and walk forth. In this way time wore on, until the patience of the old chief began to show symptoms of being exhausted. This somewhat alarmed Joe ; but as he was a fellow of infinite resources, he contrived to evade inquiry and procrastinate, hoping, no doubt, that some lucky incident might turn up, by which he should be enabled to extricate himself from the dilemma. Unfortunately for him, however, after another month of anxious suspense, the old man's pigs and taro fell short, notwithstanding the chief's dependents had for a long time been restricted from using them. All of them were in fact much reduced by their compulsory fast, with the exception of Joe, whose rotundity of form seemed to indicate that he at least ran no risk of starvation. Whether it were owing to the suspicions which his jolly appearance excited, or that he began to entertain doubts of Joe's supernatural powers, is not known ; but one day old Lelomiava determined to satisfy himself of the progress making in the restoration of his son. With this design he entered the house, and was shocked with the sight of his son's body in a state of loathsome putridity.

He immediately summoned Joe, and informed him that it was time that the promised miracle should be accomplished adding, that it must be done by morrow's dawn. Joe immediately redoubled his exertions, and prayed hastily to all the saints of his calendar. He, however, knew full well what would be his fate if he remained to encounter on the morrow the anger of the savage chief. He therefore effected his escape during the night, and made his way to his native island. There he remained, for some time, incog., but now ventures to appear openly, practising his impositions boldly, and is the worst antagonist the missionaries have to deal with. This story was related by the old chief himself, who, instead of finding his son restored to life, was compelled to bury his body, which he did, with the exception of the head. This he put in a box, and suspended beneath the peak of the roof of his house, where it remains, a witness of his credulity, and of the gross imposition that was practised upon him. While the party remained at Siusinga, a sick native was brought from the coast to a neighboring house, and their host, the Gimblet priest, was called upon to pray for him. This afforded them an opportunity, that might not otherwise have occurred, of learning some facts in relation to the ceremonies of this sect. On this occasion, the priest approached the house where the sick man lay, and when upon the stone platform, in front of it, he drew forth a book from the folds of tapa in which it had been carefully enveloped. He then called upon Jehovah, returning thanks for the many blessings which had been conferred on his people, and asked for a continuance of the same, invoking the name of Jesus. He ended by inquiring the divine pleasure concerning the sick man, and begging mercy for him. The nature of the book could not be distinctly seen, as it was again carefully enclosed in the tapa as soon as the ceremony was over; but so far as it was visible, it bore an unquestionable resemblance to a blank note-book! The proselytes of this sect, in case of sickness, confess their sins to one another, and have a number of fast-days, which are rigidly kept. Their Sabbath occurs only once a month, and is celebrated by the firing of guns, and the puerile mummery in which their worship consists."

The work contains an elaborate chapter on the Samoan group, which, though interesting, is too long for quotation and incapable of analysis. On arriving at Wallis Island, they landed there the prisoner Tuvai, conceiving that their purpose would be thus sufficiently answered; since the course of the wind is such, for the greater part of the year, as to prevent canoes proceeding from Wallis Island to the Samoan group, and on that account his fate would remain a mystery to his countrymen. New South Wales is now too familiar to present much novelty; the following account, however, of the natives is marked with some traits which distinguish it from others:—

"The natives of New South Wales are a proud, high-tempered race: each man is independent of his neighbor, owning no superior, and exacting no deference; they have not in their language any word signifying a chief or superior, nor to command or serve. Each individual is the source of his own comforts, and the artificer of his own household implements and weapons; and but for the love of companionship, he might live with his family apart and isolated from the rest, without

sacrificing any advantages whatever. They have an air of haughtiness and insolence arising from this independence, and nothing will induce them to acknowledge any human being as their superior, or to show any marks of respect. In illustration of this, Mr. Watson, the missionary, is the only white man to whose name they prefix 'Mr.,' and this he thinks is chiefly owing to the habit acquired when children under his authority. All others, of whatever rank, they address by their Christian or surname. This does not proceed from ignorance on their part, as they are known to understand the distinctions of rank among the whites, and are continually witnessing the subservience and respect exacted among them. They appear to have a consciousness of independence, which causes them, on all occasions, to treat even the highest with equality. On being asked to work, they usually reply, 'White fellow work, not black fellow;' and on entering a room, they never remain standing, but immediately seat themselves. They are not great talkers, but are usually silent and reserved. They are generally well-disposed, but dislike to be much spoken to, particularly in a tone of railery. An anecdote was mentioned of a gentleman amusing himself with a native, by teasing him, in perfect good-humor, when the man suddenly seized a billet of wood, threw it at him, and then in a great rage rushed for his spear. It was with great difficulty that he could be pacified, and made to know that no insult was intended; he then begged that they would not talk to him in that manner, as he might become wild and ungovernable. They look upon the whites with a mixture of distrust and contempt, and to govern them by threats and violence is found impossible. They are susceptible of being led by kind treatment, but on an injury or insult they immediately take to the bush, and resume their wandering habits. They do not carry on any systematic attacks, and their fears of the whites are so great, that large companies of them have been dispersed by small exploring parties and a few resolute stockmen. Though they are constantly wandering about, yet they usually confine themselves to a radius of fifty or sixty miles from the place they consider their residence. If they venture beyond this, which they sometimes do with a party of whites, they always betray the greatest fear of falling in with some Myall or stranger blacks, who they say would put them to death immediately. Their great timidity has caused a false estimate to be put upon their character, by ascribing to it great ferocity; and, as an instance of it, it is mentioned, that if a party of natives be suddenly approached in the interior, who are unacquainted with white men, and taken by surprise, supposing that they are surrounded and doomed to death, they make the most furious onset, and sell their lives as dearly as possible: this arises from the panic with which they are seized, depriving them temporarily of reason. They have not, properly speaking, any distribution into tribes. In their conflicts, those speaking the same language, and who have fought side by side, are frequently drawn up in battle-array against each other, and a short time after may be again seen acting together."

But though New South Wales presents little novelty to us, it does to the American in the United States, and accordingly the commander values highly the information which he has ob-

tained. He enters into a full account of its history and government, and testifies to its progress. The district of Illawarra in particular he states to be very prosperous. A Mr. Plunket is said to have sold his farm for £14,000, which but two years before, he had bought for £700. We fear, from the last reports received from the colony, that Mr. Plunket might have his estate back again, or take his choice amongst his neighbors' without expending one quarter the sum thus realized.

The volume concludes with observations made during the Antarctic cruise of 1840 and an account of New Zealand; with the latter we are already sufficiently familiar. But we cannot pass by the cruise, technical as the chapter is, without observing that, although in a mitigated form, the commander still assumes the existence of an Antarctic Continent; nay, he gives an engraved illustration of it as something actually visible. The account in the text follows:—

"Feb. 13. At 2 A. M. we made sail to the southwest, in order to close with the barrier, which we found retreated in that direction, and gave us every prospect of getting nearer to it. Our course, for the most part, was through icebergs of tabular form. In the afternoon we had the land ahead, and stood in for it, with a light breeze until 6½ P. M., when I judged it to be ten or twelve miles distant. It was very distinct, and extended from west-southwest to south-southeast. We were now in longitude 106° 40' E., and latitude 65° 57' S.; the variation was 54° 30' westerly. The water was very green. We sounded in three hundred fathoms, and found no bottom. The weather having an unsettled appearance, we stood off to seek a clearer space for the night. The land left was high, rounded, and covered with snow, resembling that first discovered, and had the appearance of being bound by perpendicular icy cliffs.

"14. At daylight we again made sail for the land, beating in for it until 11 A. M., when we found any further progress quite impossible. I then judged that it was seven or eight miles distant. The day was remarkably clear, and the land very distinct. By measurement we made the extent of the coast of the Antarctic Continent, which was then in sight, seventy-five miles, and by approximate measurement, three thousand feet high. It was entirely covered with snow. Longitude at noon 106° 18' 42" E., latitude 65° 59' 40" S., variation 57° 05' westerly. On running in, we had passed several icebergs greatly discolored with earth, and finding we could not approach the shore any nearer, I determined to land on the largest ice-land that seemed accessible, to make dip, intensity, and variation observations. On coming up with it, about one and a half mile from where the barrier had stopped us, I hove the ship to, lowered the boats, and fortunately effected a landing. We found embedded in it, in places, boulders, stones, gravel, sand, and mud or clay. The larger specimens were of red sandstone and basalt. No signs of stratification were to be seen in it, but it was in places formed of icy conglomerate, (if I may use the expression,) composed of large pieces of rocks, as it were frozen together, and the ice was extremely hard and flint-like. The largest boulder embedded in it was about five or six feet in diameter, but being situated under the shelf of the iceberg, we were not able to get at it. Many specimens were obtained, and it was amusing to see the eagerness and desire of all

hands to possess themselves of a piece of the Antarctic Continent. These pieces were in great demand during the remainder of the cruise. In the centre of this iceberg was found a pond of most delicious water, over which was a scum of ice about ten inches thick. We obtained from it about five hundred gallons. We remained upon this iceberg several hours, and the men amused themselves to their hearts' content in sliding. The pond was three feet deep, extending over an area of an acre, and contained sufficient water for half a dozen ships. The temperature of the water was 31°. This island had been undoubtedly turned partly over, and had precisely the same appearance that the icy barrier would have exhibited if it had been turned bottom up and subsequently much worn by storms. There was no doubt that it had been detached from the land, which was about eight miles distant. The view of the land, ice, &c., taken from this ice-land, is exhibited in the plate, and gives a correct representation of these desolate regions."

Now, certainly we have the words "Antarctic Continent" here used fluently enough—but the only things actually met with are icebergs and ice-islands. The land, too, is said to have been "very distinct;" but we shall soon find that this "very distinct land" is an object not of observation but of mere reasoning. To be sure, the argument is somewhat modified by the question thus tauntingly put by Lieut. Wilkes:—

"Who was there prior to 1840, either in this country or in Europe, that had the least idea that any large body of land existed to the south of New Holland? and who is there that now doubts the fact, whether he admits it to be a vast continent or contends that it is only a collection of islands?"

According to this, if what is now termed the Antarctic Continent should turn out to be only "a large body of land" or "a collection of islands," we must be content, and accept the American case as proved. So be it:—only let the precise statement be understood, and, we repeat, we are willing to give the commander the benefit of his own position. We must of course pass over the instances in which certain appearances were supposed to be indications of land; because these merely register individual opinions, requiring the after corroboration of actual discovery. It is our duty, however, to give the commander the benefit of the statement that these appearances were confirmed by the crew on one occasion finding soundings. Nevertheless, this can only form one item in the argument favoring the assumption of land existing—to say nothing of a continent. "Ice," Lieut. Wilkes asserts, "requires a nucleus, whereon the fogs, snow and rain may congeal and accumulate; this the land affords." As an hypothesis this is reasonable enough—but is not the discovery of an Antarctic Continent. The conclusions from this supposition are ingeniously deduced, and agree with the relative phenomena to a considerable extent; but the frequent and necessary use of the words "may be" shows that the whole matter was doubtful. Thus says Lieut. Wilkes—

"The icebergs found along the coast afloat were from a quarter of a mile to five miles in length; their separation from the land may be effected by severe frost rending them asunder, after which the violent and frequent storms may be considered a sufficient cause to overcome the attraction which holds them to the parent mass. In

their next stage they exhibit the process of decay, being found fifty or sixty miles from the land, and for the most part with their surfaces inclined at a considerable angle to the horizon. This is caused by a change in the position of the centre of gravity, arising from the abrading action of the waves."

On the whole, however, the commander is in favor of a continent; for he tells us in a note, that "the fact of there being no northerly current along this extended line of coast, is a strong proof in his mind of its being a continent instead of a range of islands." Here follow some other reasons for the same conclusion:—

"The evidence that an extensive continent lies within the icy barrier, must have appeared in the account of my proceedings, but will be, I think, more forcibly exhibited by a comparison with the aspect of other lands in the same southern parallel. Palmer's Land, for instance, which is in like manner invested with ice, is so at certain seasons of the year only, while at others it is quite clear, because strong currents prevail there, which sweep the ice off to the northeast. Along the Antarctic Continent for the whole distance explored, which is upwards of fifteen hundred miles, no open strait is found. The coast, where the ice permitted approach, was found enveloped with a perpendicular barrier, in some cases unbroken for fifty miles. If there was only a chain of islands, the outline of the ice would undoubtedly be of another form; and it is scarcely to be conceived that a long chain could extend so nearly in the same parallel of latitude. The land has none of the abruptness of termination that the islands of high southern latitudes exhibit: and I am satisfied that it exists in one uninterrupted line of coast, from Ringgold's Knoll, in the east, to Enderby's Land, in the west; that the coast (at longitude 95° E.) trends to the north, and this will account for the icy barrier existing, with little alteration, where it was seen by Cook in 1773. The vast number of ice-islands conclusively points out that there is some extensive nucleus which retains them in their position; for I can see no reason why the ice should not be disengaged from islands, if they were such, as happens in all other cases in like latitudes. The formation of the coast is different from what would probably be found near islands, soundings being obtained in comparatively shoal water; and the color of the water also indicates that it is not like other southern lands, abrupt and precipitous. This cause is sufficient to retain the huge masses of ice, by their being attached by their lower surfaces instead of their sides only."

Thus, notwithstanding the testimony of other navigators, and particularly that of Captain Ross, in relation to "great Southern Land" discovered by him, and extending from the 70th to the 79th degree of latitude, and that of D'Urville, the celebrated French navigator, in reference to a small point of rocks, called by him Clarie Land, and which the commander of the American squadron claims to have passed three days prior to the French landing—and, notwithstanding the apparent reasonableness of the supposition—we are compelled to report that so far as investigation has proceeded at present, the existence of the Antarctic Continent is only an hypothetical assumption, and that no claim to its discovery can be maintained by any party. It is only natural that a commander of his country's First Scientific Expe-

dition should wish to make the most of it; but science is so august in her nature, and so severe in her rules, that she declines recording in her archives any sentence as Truth on which there rests the slightest liability of doubt;—in all such cases she prefers the Scotch verdict, "Not proven."

From Chambers' Journal.

LIFE IN THE SEWERS.

Few who walk along the streets of London, and see mile on mile of carriage-way and foot-pavement stretching out before them, and branching off on every side, reflect upon the vast and wonderful schemes of sewerage that extends underneath. From the remotest district of London to the river, small sewers flow into larger ones; and these again, after a long course and many windings, into the Thames. Were a map executed of these subterranean currents, so intricate, yet so regular, like the large veins and arteries of the body, it would convey a grander idea of the civilization of the capital than even the magnificent streets, filled with the productions of the world, that extend above ground. Formed of substantial brick-work, well arched and secure, they represent a sunken capital which has been variously estimated at the enormous sum of from one million and a half to two millions sterling. It is an interesting sight when any one of the main sewers is under repair in a principal thoroughfare, to see how deep the excavation is, and how many lines of gas and fresh water pipes have to be traversed before the strong current of foul water, running in its capacious brick channel, is reached by the workmen. Several of these main sewers were open streams, meandering through the fields, before London became so gigantic as it is now; and among the number may be cited the Fleet, running from beyond Islington, through Bagnigge Wells, Clerkenwell, Fieldham, Holborn, and Farringdon street, into the Thames, once capable, it appears, of bearing merchant vessels as far as Holborn; the Wallbrook running from Moorfields past the Mansion-House, and by the church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, and by Dowgate, into the Thames; and the Lang or Long Bourne, which still gives name to one of the wards of London.

Any one who has walked over Blackfriars or Waterloo Bridge when the tide is down, may have observed men and boys, and occasionally women, walking upon the shores of the river, knee deep in the slime, with baskets upon their backs, or slung over their arms, picking up pieces of wood that have been left behind by the tide, or bits of coal that have fallen from the numerous coal barges that come up laden from the pool, where the collier vessels are moored, to discharge their cargoes at the wharfs further to the west. These "mud-larks," as they are sometimes called, bear generally a bad character, being accused of not contenting themselves with the prizes they find on the shore, but of robbing the coal barges or other vessels, on board of which they can creep at night-fall without detection. However this may be, their functions do not end with the shore, but in the sewer. With torch in hand, to preserve them from the attacks of numerous large and ferocious rats, they wade, sometimes almost up to the middle, through the stream of foul water, in search of stray articles that may have been thrown down the sinks of houses, or dropped through the loop-

holes in the streets. They will at times travel for two or three miles in this way—by the light of their torches, aided occasionally by a gleam of sunshine from the grating by the wayside—far under the busy thoroughfares of Cornhill, Cheap-side, the Strand, and Holborn, very seldom able to walk upright in the confined and dangerous vault, and often obliged to crawl on all fours like the rats, which are their greatest enemies. The articles they mostly find are potatoes and turnips, or bones, washed down the sinks by careless scullery-maids; pence and half-pence, and silver coins; occasionally a silver spoon or fork, the loss of which may have caused considerable distress and ill-will in some house above; and not unfrequently more valuable articles, which thieves, for fear of detection, have thrown down when they have been hard pressed by the officers of justice. It might be thought that a life amid the vilest filth, and amid so much danger and unpleasantness of every kind, would allure but few; but the hope of the great prizes sometimes discovered in this miserable way deprives it of its terrors, and all the principal sewers that branch into the Thames have their regular frequenters. Were it not that the tide gives them too little time for that purpose, they would extend their researches to the extremities of London; but two or three miles inland is the utmost bound of their peregrinations. Those who value their lives will not be tempted to extend their researches further, lest they should be drowned by the rising waters of the river.

About two years ago, these and some other particulars of their mode of life were first elicited in consequence of the following circumstance:—An old man who had long pursued this calling was suddenly missed. Every search was made for him by the few to whom he was known; and his wife and family, not without many fears that he had lost his way in the sewers, or had been surprised by the tide, and drowned in his efforts to escape, made anxious inquiries at every police office in London; but without receiving any tidings of his fate. Months elapsed, and his name was passing from the remembrance of all but those who had lost their husband and father by his disappearance, when a young man, passing with his torch up the Fleet, at nearly a mile distant from the place where it discharges itself into the Thames, was startled at seeing the figure of a man amid the darkness sitting at the junction of a smaller sewer with the main current of the Fleet. He shouted, but received no answer, and heard nothing but the rolling of the black and fetid water, and the splash or squeak of the numerous rats which he had alarmed. Advancing nearer, he held the light to the face of the silent figure, and beheld the ghastly countenance of a skeleton. He was not a man of strong mind, and losing his self-possession in his horror, he stumbled against it and fell. His light was extinguished. His situation was now sufficiently awful; but the added horror of the total darkness recalled his startled faculties instead of scattering them entirely. He knew his way by the number of iron gratings at intervals above, and groped along cautiously, shouting as loudly as he could, to keep up his own courage, and to startle the rats from his path, lest he should tread upon one which would turn upon him and fasten on his flesh. Grating after grating was thus passed, and he heard the carriages rattling above whenever he came near, and at times the conversation of people. Once he stopped

under a grating, by the side of which an old woman sat at her apple-stall, and overheard her discourse with her customers, and was tempted to give the alarm, that he might be drawn up. This, however, would have been a work of time, and he therefore decided to go on. He proceeded accordingly, and arrived at the Thames without accident, and immediately informed his companions of the discovery he had made. It was surmised at once that the skeleton was that of the man who had been so long missing. Information was given to the police, and a constable was despatched to see the issue. He would not, however, venture up the sewer, but remained by the river side to await the return of the three "mud-larks" who went up with torches and a basket to bring out the remains of the dead man. They found, on reaching the spot, that the discoverer, in his fright, by falling against the skeleton, had overturned it from its sitting position. A skull, a mass of bones, with a few buttons, and a portion of his shoes, alone remained—his flesh and his attire having been devoured piecemeal by the rats. The remains were collected and brought out without accident. A coroner's inquest was held on the following day, and the identity was established by the buttons, the only means by which it could be proved. Of course it could never be known to a certainty how the life of this unfortunate being had been lost; but the general supposition was, either that he had been suffocated by foul air, or that he had been seized with a fit of apoplexy in that darksome sewer. The simple verdict, "found dead," was returned by the jury.

Such is the romance of common things; and such is one of the many marvels that lie around us and beneath us, observable only by those who are disposed to study the manners, the habits, and the struggles of the poor.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY AT GREENWICH.

It is fair to suppose that but few persons in this country are ignorant of the existence of the institution whose name stands at the head of these columns. Some, during a visit to London, and while sauntering in Greenwich Park, may have seen its exterior. Others, again, have read of it in books of voyages, or seen the words printed in the margin of maps, as the point from which longitude is reckoned. But very few possess any definite idea as to the nature of the operations carried on within it; of the patient watching, amounting to severe labor, in conducting the extensive, various, and delicate observations for which it has long been celebrated; or of their high importance in a scientific and commercial point of view.

These points are, however, ably elucidated in the annual report for the present year of G. B. Airy, Esq., the astronomer royal, which, while it explains the satisfactory state of the scientific proceedings, contains also some general notices that may enable the great body of readers to comprehend the more than national value of such an establishment.

It would not be out of place to give, before proceeding farther, a brief history of the building, which is erected on the top of a gravelly hill in Greenwich Park, on the site of the ancient tower built by Duke Humphrey in the reign of Henry VI., commanding a fine and impressive view over

the smoke-shrouded city, the flowing river alive with vessels, and the fertile plains of Essex. It was built by order of Charles II., who, with all his levity, seems to have been aware of the importance of science: the first stone was laid by Flamsteed, who had been appointed astronomer royal in August, 1675, and no delay took place in its completion and furnishing it with accurate instruments. By the words of Flamsteed's commission, he was directed "to apply himself with the utmost care and diligence to the rectifying the tables of the motions of the heavens, and the places of the fixed stars, in order to find the so-much desired longitude at sea, for perfecting the art of navigation." With what success this has been done, may be inferred from the remarkable words of Delambre, who, writing on the four volumes of observations by Maskelyne, astronomer royal at the commencement of the present century, observes, "that if by a great revolution, the sciences should be lost, and that this collection only were saved, there would be found in it materials sufficient to rear almost an entire new edifice of modern astronomy."

The whole establishment comprehends two principal buildings, one the observatory, the other the dwelling-house; the former is a low oblong erection, placed east and west, with four principal apartments on the ground floor, in which the most important observations are carried on; in one of these, which has a double sloping roof fitted with sliding shutters, for convenience in observing transits, is the transit instrument, eight feet in length, resting on two stone pillars, and interesting from having been used by the astronomers royal from the days of Halley. In an adjacent apartment is the magnificent mural circle by Troughton, which was placed on its stone pier in 1812, and although it has a diameter of nearly eight feet, such is the accuracy with which it has been constructed, that its position may be ascertained to the tenth of a second. In the other rooms are other circles, and a variety of astronomical instruments, as well as a library containing many scarce scientific books.

It is, however, beyond our province to attempt a description of the splendid and complicated instruments contained within the observatory, which we should scarcely succeed in making intelligible to the general reader; suffice it to say, that the establishment is supported at the expense of government, and is under the direction of the lords of the admiralty.

Astronomical time is not divided, like civil time, into two periods of twelve hours, but is counted regularly from one to twenty-four. Now, it is one of the most important objects in the duties of the observatory to find the *true* time; this is ascertained at Greenwich by accurate determination of the places of various stars, and their transit over the meridian. From these observations the mean solar time is computed; and this once known, the finding of the longitude of any place is comparatively easy. A knowledge of the true time being of the highest importance in keeping the reckoning of a ship on a voyage, the lords of the admiralty determined, about ten years since, on a means for making known daily the hour of one o'clock. Such is the skill displayed in the observations, that this hour is now ascertained with the utmost nicety, and from the summit of the building has been made known with the greatest regularity from the time the plan was first adopted.

Every day, at five minutes to one, the captains of vessels in the river, within sight of the observatory, may be seen directing their telescopes towards a black ball slowly rising on a pole fixed on the roof of its north-western angle; they then prepare their chronometers, and keeping their attention fixed on the ball, which has become stationary at the top of the pole, they note the instant when it begins to descend; at that instant it is one o'clock; and it will be obvious that the mariner has then the opportunity of knowing whether his chronometer is fast or slow; he may set it to the true time, and, by daily observation of the descent of the ball, ascertain its rate of going.

There is an apartment in the building appropriated to chronometers. It is the custom with makers of those instruments to send them to the observatory for correction and trial. Their daily rate is then observed, and noted down for the use of the owners; the same course is followed with the chronometers of ships lying in port. Visitors to Greenwich Park may frequently see a captain descending the hill with his time-keeper in a handkerchief under his arm. The present number of chronometers on trial exceeds one hundred, many of them being from government ships paid off, and thirty in preparation for the determination of the longitude of Valentia in Ireland.

Another very important object in the institution and maintenance of the observatory, is the observations of the moon, and the determination of the places of fixed stars necessary for ascertaining instrumental errors arising in those observations. In the early history of the building, these were regarded merely as secondary, but they appear to have been followed up with the greatest regularity, even when all others were neglected. The effect of this regularity is most honorable to the institution; for the existing theories and tables of the moon are everywhere founded on the observations at Greenwich, which is looked to as that from which alone adequate observations can be expected; and it is fair to predict that, while the duties are as efficiently performed as at present, lunar tables will always be founded on the same authority. To seafaring men lunar tables are of little less importance than true time; relying on their correctness, they sail away into the broad ocean, over which the calculations made thousands of miles distant serve as finger-posts. In order to render this branch of the observations still more efficient, an additional building is being erected, in which the moon may be observed through her entire passage. Owing to the construction of the portion of the building at present devoted to this purpose, one half of her course is very imperfectly observed, and one fourth is quite lost. When the new part is completed, it is anticipated that the observations on our satellite may be made almost every night; at present, from the cause above alluded to, they do not exceed one hundred in the year. Some idea of the patience necessary on the part of the observer, may be inferred from the fact of his being required to watch from moon-rise to an hour or more after sunrise, or from an hour before sunset to moonsetting.

Of late years, in addition to the astronomical, a series of magnetic and meteorological observations have been conducted at the observatory. For the observation of the magnetic dip, and some other points which could not be carried on near the great magnets, or other disturbing influences, a small outbuilding has been raised of wood, the

greatest care being taken that no particle of iron should be used in the construction. Such is the extreme delicacy and susceptibility of some of the instruments in this apartment, that they are suspended by skeins of fibrous silk, enclosed, in some instances, within tubes of glass. These skeins are prepared at Manchester expressly for the purpose; the fibres consist of seven or eight threads, as when reeled off in readiness for spinning; the slightest twist would render them unfit for use; and it is essential that they should be of uniform thickness.

There are three magnetometers, the magnets for which were made at Göttingen; they are of polished steel, each two feet in length, one inch and a half in width, and one quarter of an inch in thickness. In reading off the results, allowance is made for the presence of iron in the apparatus which supports them, or in other parts of the room. These instruments, with the barometer, and the wet and dry thermometers, are observed every two hours, day and night (except on Sundays;) the dew point four times every day; the magnetic dip is observed on the forenoon and afternoon of each of two days in every week; on one particular day in every month, previously determined for the observatories in various parts of the world, and known as a term day, magnetic observations are made at every five minutes; on one day in each month, hourly observations of the barometer are made; observations with the actinometer, an instrument for ascertaining the radiation of solar rays, are made when circumstances are favorable; electrical and extraordinary observations of any kind, when circumstances require them. The indications of the self-registering instruments are regularly preserved or read off; the rain gauges, &c., which are cumulative, but not self-registering, are read, some once in a day, some once in a week.

In addition to these instruments, there are an atmospheric electrometer, a galvanometer, and an anemometer. The last registers of itself the force, direction, and duration of winds. There are also self-registering thermometers, which are suspended from the side of the Dreadnought hospital ship, for ascertaining the temperature of the water of the Thames, with the object of assisting the registrar-general in the meteorological report affixed to his weekly sanitary report.

In astronomical science, everything depends on the precision with which the longitude of a place is determined as regards any other fixed place; by the transmission of chronometers from one point to the other, this may be ascertained. An operation of this nature is now in progress to determine the difference of longitude between Greenwich and Pulkowa, in Russia. As it is necessary that the observers as well as the instruments should be interchanged, M. Struve, astronomer at the latter place, has come over to make his observations from this point, for which purpose a transit instrument has been placed at his disposal.

The Nautical Almanac is generally printed three years in advance, for the benefit of those who go long voyages; the volume for the year 1847 is now published. The list of stars for this work has a first claim in the astronomical observations; and it is a rule that each star shall be observed at least twenty times in every three years. Besides these, there are observations of stars for refraction; of those selected for the moon-culminating list of the almanac: of those compared with

comets, and others observed in trigonometrical survey. The sun, moon, and planets are observed at every practicable opportunity, the latter through all hours of the night, (except on Sundays,) when the moon only, with accompanying stars, is observed. Occultations, diameters, and the eclipses and movements of Jupiter's satellites, complete a catalogue which, for scope and detail, reflects the highest credit on those concerned in its execution.

The electrical apparatus is attached to a pole 80 feet high, fixed in the garden; a wire connected with this is led into one of the rooms of the building, where pith balls, suspended near a bell, are attached to it. When the apparatus is excited by the electric state of the atmosphere, the balls become violently agitated, and striking against the bell, cause a ringing, which immediately attracts the attention of the attendant.

In Flamsteed's time, a well was sunk in this garden 100 feet in depth, with steps leading to the bottom, for the purpose of observing the stars in the daytime; but this has long since been arched over, as the improvements in the construction of telescopes render it unnecessary.

The whole mass of observations, both meteorological and astronomical, is regularly printed, a quarto volume of some thousand pages appearing once in the year. Most of these are distributed amongst the observatories all over the world, with a view to assist the cause of science, and to facilitate the great series of observations, undertaken at the expense of government, which have now been carried on for four or five years, and are expected to be brought to a conclusion in the present year. In order to have some security that the assistants, of whom there are nine regularly on the establishment, are in attendance to take their observations at the time appointed, a clock, commonly termed "the watchman's clock," is fixed in the ante-room; it has no hands, but a series of knobs, to which cords are attached on the dial-plate, which turns round; this is secured by a door with a lock and key, so that the only external communication is by the cords, one of which being pulled by the assistant when he leaves, a knob is displaced, the dial-plate turns round, and thus a complete check is kept upon the attendance of the subordinate officers.

Among the extraordinary scientific operations to which the observatory has contributed its aid, was that of instructing the officers of the corps of Royal Engineers, who were appointed to trace the Canadian boundary; one portion of which, a straight line of a distance of 70 miles, was to connect two defined points. The country through which this line was to pass is described as surpassing in its difficulties the conception of any European. It consists of impervious forests, steep ravines, and dismal swamps. A survey of the line was impossible; a plan was therefore arranged by the astronomer royal, founded on a determination of the absolute latitude and difference of longitude of the two extremities. The difference of longitude was determined by the transfer of chronometers, by a very circuitous route, from one end to the other; after which the necessary computations were made, and marks laid off for starting with the line from both extremities. One party, after cutting more than 42 miles through the woods, were agreeably surprised on the brow of a hill at seeing before them a gap in the woods on the next line of hill, which opened gradually, and proved to be the line of the opposite party. On

continuing the lines till they were abreast of each other, their distance was found to be 341 feet, a difference which arose in an error of only a quarter of a second of time in the difference of longitude. The performance of this operation reflects the highest honor on the officers engaged. Transits were observed, and observations made, on whose delicacy everything depended, when the thermometer was lower than 19 degrees below zero, and when the native assistants, though paid highly, deserted on account of the severity of the weather.

Such is a brief outline of an establishment which, whether we consider the nature and utility of its operations, or the comparatively small expense at which they are conducted, has great claims on our respect. We trust that our necessarily brief sketch will tend to diminish the stupid wonder with which the unpretending structure is regarded by thousands who climb the hill on which it stands. Let them think over its historical associations, and its importance not merely nationally, but in connexion with the whole world.

From Chambers' Journal.

SEVENTEEN FORTY-FIVE AND EIGHTEEN FORTY-FIVE.

THE arrival of the year forty-five in this century has produced a slight sensation—in Scotland particularly—over and above what the commencement of a new year generally occasions. We are all set a-thinking of that former forty-five in which such a remarkable series of domestic occurrences took place, deciding the fate of a dynasty with which an obsolete system of government and of faith was connected, and determining the current of public affairs and of social progress into a channel which it has never since left. We also recollect the extraordinary character of the transactions of the last forty-five, so highly calculated to take hold of the imagination and feelings; a piece of mediæval romance, as it were, which had by chance wandered into the age of whiggery and hoop-petticoats: sounding, amidst hosts of the commonplaces by which we are still surrounded, the expiring trumpet notes of chivalry. That great round in the markings of time, a century—impressive because it is just the first grand period which living man must all but despair of seeing accomplished in his own life—has now been completed since a disinherited prince, tartanned, tarred, peddler, but an Apollo of youthful grace and natural dignity, trailed his cloud of self-devoted Highlanders through Lowland Scotland and Central England, to regain the crown of a hundred ancestors, (the faith made it a reality,) or die in the attempt. How much was there concentrated in that strange pageant!—divine right breaking its head in madness against the impregnable walls of popular privileges—the Celt, in his dress and arms older than Romulus or Pericles, perishing in a last attack upon the overwhelming force of the higher-endowed Goth—generous feelings, eagerness to redress what were thought personal wrongs, unselfish worship of an ancient idea almost identified with religion, meeting a murderous rebuke from the cannon-mouth and the scaffold, and, in the inexorable sternness of human contending, ridiculed as folly and condemned as crime! Since all this happened, a hundred years have passed, and laid everything but a memory

beneath the sod. "It will be all the same a hundred years hence," some rustic philosopher might have said at the time, as he heard the shouts of strife and the wailings of woe; and behold those hundred years have passed, and it is the same in the sense he meant it. We are only a few historical chapters the richer.

But the recurrence of a "forty-five" is not to awaken these romantic associations alone. We are also called upon as a nation to reflect with grateful feelings upon the progress which has been made by our country since the last of our civil wars, showing, as the retrospect powerfully does, the benefits which flow from intestine peace. The England, and still more particularly the Scotland, of 1745, how different from those of 1845! Hardly in any one particular is there not an improvement; while, taking the whole together, and considering it either by itself absolutely or relatively towards other states, an advance of a most remarkable nature is apparent. In that time Great Britain has acquired India, and planted far more colonies than are required to make up for the few New England states of 1745, which she has since lost. She has bound Ireland to her in incorporating union, making a United Kingdom, which probably contains not less than three times the population which existed on the same space in 1745. The national debt of 1745, has indeed increased from fifty, to be now not less than eight hundred millions; a somewhat alarming fact at first sight; and yet it cannot be doubted, considering the relative population and wealth, that the debt of a hundred years ago was a heavier burden than that of the present day. David Hume prophesied that when the national obligations came to a hundred millions, England must be ruined; but that sum has been multiplied by eight without insolvency, and no one would now expect that an advance to a thousand millions would be fatal to our national fortunes. The annual expenditure is now somewhat above the whole amount of the debt in 1745—a fact which may be partly to be deplored; but does it not indicate also a vast increase in the national resources! Since 1745, the productive powers of the soil, especially in the northern section of the island, have been more than doubled, in consequence of improved methods of agriculture and husbandry; but the improvement in this respect is small compared with that which has taken place in other branches of industry. The cotton manufacture has been created since 1745, and all the other great manufactures have been prodigiously increased. The shipping of the country has gone on in equal paces. See the best exponents of these facts in the rise of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow, from the small towns which they were in 1745 to what they now are. Liverpool was not so important a town in 1745, as to have a newspaper. Manchester had only one. There were but twenty-eight in all provincial England, two in Scotland, and four in Ireland (in the two last cases, confined to the respective capitals.) London was then a town of under half a million of population—about one and a half of the present Manchester. Edinburgh had forty, and Glasgow twenty thousand: now the latter is computed to have 311,000. Lancashire has since then added just about one million to her population! The whole annual revenue of the country from customs in 1745, (about a million and a half) was not a third of what is now drawn on that account in

Liverpool port alone. The entire annual revenue of the empire during the reign of George II. (about eight millions on the average of thirty-three years,) is now considerably exceeded by the amount of customs received in the port of London. Since 1745, England and Scotland have been overspread with canals and railways, immensely facilitating the transit of merchandise. Enormous sums have also been spent on the construction of roads; and the principal public buildings of the three kingdoms have been reared in that time.

The advance has been much greater in North than in South Britain; and, indeed, we might affirm, with little chance of contradiction, that no country out of America has made a greater progress within the last century, or ever in one century made a greater progress, than Scotland has done in that time. In 1745, this ancient kingdom, at the distance of forty years, had not forgotten an unpopular union. There was a large party, including a considerable proportion of the gentry, decidedly disaffected to the reigning family. Some old sores, such as the Glenco massacre and Darien expedition, still rankled in the Scottish bosom. Thus the spirit of the nation was distracted. It was impossible, in such circumstances, that there could be any hearty application to courses of industry, or to enterprises promising general advantage. But when the claims of the Stuarts were finally quelled on Culloden moor, a new era seemed to commence, and from that time the pursuits of peace acquired a decided ascendant. Scottish historians usually conclude their narratives in 1707, saying that after that time their country has no history: a most surprising blunder indeed; the fact being, that our history before that period is merely curious and romantic—hardly in any degree instructive—while the subsequent period would possess for the political philosopher the highest value. A history of the country from that time to the present would be the history of human energies applied to their best purposes, and achieving the most admirable results. Most interesting is it, truly, to see this little nation, with their sterile mountains and moors, and only patches of good land between, setting themselves to overcome all difficulties, and, by dint of pure mental force—a perseverance which knows no tire, a sagacity hardly ever at a loss, ingenuity not to be baffled, prudence never to be lulled asleep—working out what we now see, a land made blithe with plough and harrow, firths whitened with merchant fleets, streams persuaded, since they are making falls at any rate, to fall for the benefit of huge mills planted upon their banks, and splendid cities rising where once there were only little towns. The agriculture of Scotland was, in 1745, but the agriculture of cotters, embracing not one mode calculated to favor the powers of simple nature. Now its farming is an economical and scientific application of principles; not yet what it may be, but in the mean time a notable example to all other portions of the empire. Manufactures worthy of the name did not exist in 1745. Look now to the busy banks of the Clyde and Tay, not to speak of many other minor scenes of industry. In 1839, there were 676 “factories” in Scotland. Of the commerce of the country in 1745, we have an idea from the fact that Leith, the principal port, then had shipping under two thousand aggregate tonnage. The amount in 1840 was 19,954 tons. At Dundee, the writer of these pages played at whist two

years ago with a hale elderly gentleman, who said he had once farmed the shore dues of that port at £300: they had reached, in 1839, the large sum of sixteen thousand pounds! This town has risen from a population of 5302 in 1746, to 62,794 in 1841. A story is told that the mail bag from London arrived one day in Edinburgh, a short time after the year 1745, *with one letter*, being a missive addressed to the British Linen Company. It is hardly necessary to remark how huge the mail bags now are each day. The revenue of Scotland was at the Union £110,694; in 1788, it was £1,099,148: that collected last year was above five millions, being about what the revenue of the whole state was in the reign of George I. It may also be mentioned that the Scottish coin, when called in at the Union, was found to amount to little more than eight hundred thousand pounds. An old lady worth exactly *double that sum of money* died in Edinburgh about three years ago! There is perhaps nothing which more emphatically marks the national progress than the history of its banks. Of these establishments, there were two on the joint-stock principle in Edinburgh in 1745, and one private establishment in Glasgow; none at Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth, or any other town. The Bank of Scotland had, it seems, tried a branch at Aberdeen, but it failed to obtain sufficient business to make it worth while, and the money was quickly withdrawn, being brought, it is said, to Edinburgh on the backs of horses, the only mode of carriage which was then practised. At the present time, there are twenty-three joint-stock banks in Scotland, having three hundred and thirty branch establishments. The aggregate capital employed by the two Edinburgh banks in 1745 was £200,000: that now employed in joint-stock banks somewhat exceeds eleven millions. And here it may safely be remarked, that no banking concerns in the world have ever been managed with better success than those of Scotland—a fact mainly attributable to the caution which forms so conspicuous a feature of the national character. There has not been, within the memory of the living generation, a declaration of insolvency from more than four banks, and three of these were comparatively small provincial concerns; and the public, as distinguished from the shareholders, did not lose one farthing by them.

The progress of the capital forms a good criterion of that of the country, and no city assuredly could well show a greater change in a century than Edinburgh has done during that time. This city was, in 1745, one of 40,000 inhabitants—antique and inconvenient in structure, and pent up within walls capable of being defended against an enemy unprovided with artillery. The accommodations possessed by families of good figure were generally limited to three or four rooms, not more than one of which would be unprovided with a bed. Of the middle ranks, most lived in bed-rooms. Arrangements now deemed indispensable for cleanliness and delicacy were unknown. There was much homely comfort, but little elegance. It is entirely since 1767, that Edinburgh has burst from the limits of the Old Town, and spread herself in matchless beauty over the adjacent fields. Now we see the streets, which are devoted to the domestic accommodation of the middle and upper ranks, almost uniformly elegant, and houses occupied by shopkeepers which a judge or a landed gentleman could not have obtained eighty years

ago. And the whole habits of life of these parties are equally improved. It is common to hear old people praising the easy good-humored life of their young days; but it was in reality full of inconveniences, which either must have been constantly giving vexation, or were overlooked solely because of the low state of mind of those exposed to them. We learn from Sir Walter Scott's memoirs, that his parents lost all their children in infancy while they lived in the Old Town, and that he only escaped by being sent to the country. Another literary man born in Edinburgh, Mr. Kerr, editor of a well-known collection of voyages and travels, was the eighth or tenth child of his parents. All his predecessors had perished in consequence of the narrowness of the domestic accommodations, and his preservation was owing to the same cause as Scott's. Can we wonder at such results when we learn that Mr. Bruce of Kennet, a gentleman of estate, who, being in the law, became a judge of the supreme court, occupied with his family, about the beginning of the reign of George III., a house of one floor, rented at fifteen pounds, and containing three rooms, one of which was employed partly as his study, and partly as a bedroom for his children? When we know such things, we can hardly be surprised at Mr. Creech telling us, about 1790, that a French teacher left, for want of accommodation, the house which thirty years before sufficed for Lord Drummore. There cannot be a doubt that, built as Edinburgh now is, many a man of income exempt from property-tax is lodged better than men of rank and fortune were in 1745.

Since that period, the changes in the moral and intellectual character of the people, in their manners, customs, and language, have been equally great. Farmers then sat at the same table with their servants. It looks an amiable custom; but the sole cause was, that the farmers had no education or taste superior to their servants, and were in reality laboring people themselves. Gentlemen and ladies spoke broad Scotch; the former swore a good deal; the latter snuffed. Their meetings were rare, and without refinement. Female accomplishments, by which such a charm is now given to home, were then unknown. Few women could even write a letter; fewer still spell one correctly. The savagery still surviving in the national mind, even in cities, is shown strikingly in the execution of *Lynch law* upon Captain Porteous in 1736. The bigotry is shown in the Catholic riots of thirty years later. We have to go back but twenty-three years from 1745, to come to the last burning of a witch in Scotland. Then the state of public sentiment respecting the natural liberty and dignity of man, what an idea do we get of it from such facts as this—that, in 1755, while a press was going on for the Seven Years' War, a man who had been committed to the guard-house in Edinburgh "for swearing," was sent on board the tender, and, though earnest petitions were presented to the Court of Session to procure his liberation, the lords refused to interfere—or this, that, on the 30th of August, 1766, the Edinburgh Courant advertised a female negro slave for sale. At the latter fact we need hardly be surprised, when we recollect that, for thirty years after 1745, the whole class of colliers and salters in Scotland were bondmen. We hear more now of the miseries among the humbler classes than our fore-

fathers did in 1745; but this is not to prove that miseries were then unknown in that class. Groan as the poor might formerly, their voice was never heard; no inquiry was ever made into their condition. In the very fact of the groans being now heard, and their causes zealously sought for with a view to redress, it might be argued that we see something in favor of the present time. The spirit of the Scottish representatives of the former period was most abject. Their gross servility to the minister of the day was perhaps what mainly depreciated the national character in the eyes of the English, and produced the satires of Foote and Churchill. In reality, they were not a representation of the people of Scotland; but this our southern neighbors had no reason to suppose. Now, the Scottish members are fully as independent as any equal number taken at random out of the parliamentary lists; and, if we are not much misinformed, their election is conducted with an exemption from corrupting influences which is not paralleled in any other part of the United Kingdom. That the Scottish people, amidst all their changes, have not in any degree lost the peculiar religious spirit which distinguished them of old, recent events have fully shown. On a subject of some delicacy, it is not necessary to say more; but what is said is much.

Upon the whole, it appears to us that the British empire has made an advance in all the prime elements of greatness during the last hundred years, such as cannot be found paralleled on the same scale in any history. If we look into the past, we nowhere see such a bound forward made by any country; so that we may fairly say that here is a new exemplification of the power of a naturally well-endowed race to advance in national greatness when circumstances of a greatly unfavorable kind, such as a war, are not allowed a strong operation. It is very clear that no person living in 1745, and looking abroad upon his past and present, could have seen grounds for supposing that a century later was to commence such a period as we now see closing. Does not that period argue a degree of *national improbability* to which it might be difficult to set limits? Does it not show that, if no worse catastrophe than has marked the past century shall mark the future career of this empire, the condition at which it shall have arrived in 1945, in physical and moral greatness, must be something of which we would vainly at present endeavor to imagine the particulars? Why, this great and still increasing London may in 1945 be a town of eight millions of inhabitants—a phenomenon which the world has not heretofore witnessed. A vast amount of the waste and barbarous parts of the earth—perhaps all Asia, excepting that belonging to Russia—shall have then yielded to a British sway, and begun to adopt the manners, language, and moral ideas of this people. To how many of the distresses of the sons of earth will remedies have then been applied! How many great questions in physical science and ethics will then have been solved! How sweetly will the wheels of the social machine, as well as the current of individual life, then move! Alas, why have we been condemned to live in the early part of this darkling century, streaked but with the dawns of so much glory! How enviable those who shall be born unto our children's children!

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THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

History of the Colonization of the United States.
By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vols. i., ii., iii. Boston and London.

It is instructive to observe how much is done in the government of the world by the ignorance of men more than by their knowledge. What we do from design is of small amount compared with what we do beyond our forethought. In all our plans we prophesy in part. The action of to-day generates the action of to-morrow. The scheme widens as it advances from purpose towards accomplishment. The one thing intended, brings along with it a host of things not intended; and as our vision takes a wider compass, consequences and contingencies are seen to multiply. One man creates the void, and another gives it occupancy. One agency unlocks the stream, and a multitude are in waiting to affect its course and issue. Evil comes from good, and good comes from evil. Thus mockery is cast over all human foresight. In this twilight of perception the greatest men have labored—Wycliffe and Luther, Columbus and Bacon. Much that was in their heart they have done, but much more which their heart never conceived have they accomplished. Being dead, they still speak and they still act—but the further the undulations of their influence extend, the less is the semblance between the things which are realized and the things which were expected. They have done less than they hoped, and more—much that they would have done, and much that they would not have done. In short, in the providence of our world, enough is plain and fixed to give pulsation to virtue and hope in the right-hearted; but enough is obscure and uncertain to rebuke impatience, and to suggest many a lesson of humility.

It was the pleasure of Elizabeth, and of her successors James and Charles, to take upon them the office of the persecutor. In that honorable vocation they found coadjutors, of suitable capacity and temper, in Whitgift, Bancroft and Laud. The sovereign and the priest gave themselves to such employment, in the sagacious expectation that the opinions of men were matters to be shaped according to the royal pleasure, with little more difficulty than the order of a court ceremonial. But the policy intended to secure an abject submission at home, became the unwilling parent of an enlightened independence abroad. Intolerance of freedom forced it upon new experiments, and proved eminently favorable to its development and power. The seed cast out found a better lodgment, and sent forth a richer fruit. The new world afforded space for its germination and growth which the old could not have supplied; and the new world has reacted upon the old, in the cause of freedom, as the old could not have acted upon itself. Even now, also, we are only in the beginning of that great outburst of enterprise and improvement which we trace to those memorable times, and, in great part, to the narrow and selfish policy of the agents above named.

The mind of the people of England, two centuries since, teemed with thoughts and excitements, of which the men of our time have no just conception. Our knowledge in this respect must depend on the force of our imagination, hardly less than on the extent of our reading. The great questions, both in politics and religion, which then

agitated society, were comparative novelties. The wonders of the new world, and of the whole southern hemisphere, were discoveries of yesterday. National questions, accordingly, were debated with a degree of passionateness and earnestness, such as we seldom feel; while distant regions loomed before the fancies of men in alliance with everything shadowy, strange and mysterious. The old world seemed to be waking at their side, as from the sleep of ages; and a new world rose to their view, presenting treasures which seemed to be inexhaustible. The wonder of to-day was succeeded by the greater wonder of to-morrow, and the revelations seemed to have no end. At the same time, to very many, their native land had become as a house of bondage, and the waters of the Atlantic were the stream which separated between them and their promised home.

That feeling is now among the bygone in our social history. But the traces of it are still at times discoverable. The broader and deeper stream, now rolling on, leaves its nooks and eddying points, where something of the past still retains a place, and still secures to it some influence over the present. It is now about twice seven years since we passed a few pleasant weeks in one of the less peopled districts of Dorsetshire—that county which Charles II. is said to have described as the only county in England fit to be the home of a gentleman. What the qualities were which, in the estimation of royalty, gave so much of the air proper to the home of gentle blood to the county of Dorset, it will not be difficult to conjecture. Dorsetshire is remarkable for the almost total absence of the usual signs of trade and manufactures. It is no less remarkable, as a natural consequence, for the absence of any considerable middle class to separate between the serfs who till the ground, and the lords who own it. Even agriculture is prosecuted within such limits as may consist with leaving an ample portion of its surface in the good feudal condition of extended sheepwalks and open downs. Such Dorsetshire has ever been, such it still is; but, thanks to projected railroads, such we trust it is not always to be.

On the occasion adverted to, we were indebted for a season to the hospitalities of an honest yeoman, whose residence had been occupied, in other days, by personages of much higher pretension than our host. It was an ancient mansion on a hill-side, overlooking an extended valley, which, from the corresponding forms of the hills fronting each other, resembled the bed of some departed Ganges, or St. Lawrence. The lower part of the valley was cultivated and wooded, but the high slopes of the hills were treeless and shrubless, except on the spot where the dwelling of our yeoman friend presented itself. That structure, with its somewhat castellated front, with its long ascent of half-decayed steps, its mutilated balustrades, and its ample terrace, rose amid lofty elms and chesnuts, forming a picture, not the less pleasant to look upon, from its contrast with the surrounding barrenness. Altogether this Dorset mansion was of a sort to work powerfully on that superstitious feeling and credulity, which are so deeply rooted in the mind of every rural and secluded population. The sounds which came after night-fall, in the autumnal and winter season, across that valley, from the distant sea, and which passed in such wild and strange notes through the branches of those ancient trees, and through the crazy apertures of that more ancient building, did

not fall upon the ear without some awakening effect upon the imagination. The dead, who once had paced those terrace walks, were not forgotten; and where could there be a more fitting haunt for those sights which "we, fools of nature," shrink from, than the spaces covered with the deep shadows of those overhanging trees—the living things, which budded and grew in the times of other generations, and which seemed to lift themselves aloft, as in a proud consciousness of being more associated with what has been than with what is. Within, also, there was much to strengthen fancies of this complexion. There were the gloomy stairs, with their dark walls, their long worn steps, and their railwork of massy oak. Apartments, with their antique panellings, their faded tapestry, and their concealed doorways. At night, the birds, who chose their lodgment amidst the ancient masonry of the chimneys, failed not to send their tokens of inquietude into the chambers below, as the gale from the neighboring channel came with tumultuous force upon the land. Part of the building, also, had become a ruin, thickly mantled with ivy, where owls might have pleaded their long holding as a right of tenantry, and from which they sallied forth at such times, as if glad to mingle their screams with the night storm, or to flap their wings against the casement of the sleeper.

To one apartment in that interior a special mystery attached. It bore the name of the book-room. Of that room the master of the house always retained the key. It was a part of his tenure that the contents of the book-room should on no account be disturbed. Among those contents, beside a curious library, were many other curious things—such as a bonnet, said to have been worn by Queen Elizabeth when visiting those western parts of her dominions; also a fan, which had been wielded by that royal hand; a whole suit of kingly apparel, reported to have been worn by Charles II., and to have been left at the mansion by its royal visitor. Above all, a skull was there. It was the skull of a murdered man. The mark of the death wound was visible upon it. Tradition said that the victim of human violence was an African—a faithful servant in the family which once found its stately home beneath that venerable roof. Amidst so much pointing to the dim past, we may be sure that the imagination of the dwellers in the old hall on the hill-side was not by any means unproductive.

Of course we must not confess to any participation in such susceptibilities in our own case. It was, however, a dark night, and a rough one too, when we obtained our first admission to the mysterious book-room. By the aid of our lamp, we explored the matters of virtue which it contained; examined the dreaded cranium, and found the mark of the wound upon it, strictly as reported. But our attention was soon directed from the curiosities to the literature. The contents of the library we found in no very orderly condition, and not a few of its treasures had evidently suffered much from the state of uselessness to which the whole had been for so long a time reduced. The books were partly on shelves and tables, and partly in heaps upon the floor. Among them were many existing in all the venerableness of the times before the invention of the printing-press. One of these sets proved to be an illuminated vellum transcript of the epistles of Innocent III.—a pontiff who, in common with many of his race, during the middle

age, conducted a correspondence, exceeding that of all the princes of Europe taken together. Many such works were there, and many learned volumes which had strayed from their fellows, and which bore upon them the marks of having suffered much in their wanderings. But the point which has brought the old Dorset hall on the hill-side, in this manner to our memory is, that, among the printed works in this long-neglected library, was a number of tracts, and pamphlets, and small publications, relating to the countries of the new world, and to the marvels of recent voyaging. Some of them bore date as far back as the times of Elizabeth, but most of them were of the time of James I., and a little later.

Some hours passed, and we were still beguiled by the perusal and comparison of these remains, which, like some newly-discovered fossil bed, pointed our imagination to a former condition of society, if not to a former world. We felt as though drifted back to those times. We thought we saw good Mr. White, the puritan minister of the neighboring town of Dorchester, as he went forth the spiritual leader of the little band, who, more than two centuries since, sought their spiritual as well as their natural home on the shores of New England. We seemed to listen to the talk of such men as the brave John Smith, and the Governor Winthrop; and to be witnesses to the conferences of such men as the Lords Say and Brooke, Harry Vane, and John Hampden, as they cogitated their schemes of settlement for injured and free-hearted men on the other side the Western Ocean. We remembered Queen Elizabeth, too—the grave men who were honored as her counsellors, her own stately presence, her own pliant but masculine temper, and the skill with which she dispensed the tokens both of her pleasure and of her pride. Her arts of cajolery to-day, her haughty invective to-morrow, her ambition—her innate love of rule at all times, and in all things. Her successor, also, we remembered—the king whose flesh gave signs of fear at the sight of a drawn sword. One of the most timid among men, having the place of chief over the bravest of nations. The monarch who presumed that he was born a great king, and who supposed that he had made himself a great clerk. The ruler whose soul was below all feeling of enterprise, presiding among a people with whom that feeling was strong, irrepressible, almost boundless. The frivolous imbecile, whose days were spent at the chase or at the cock-pit, and whose nights were given to court gambols, sensuality, and drunkenness; while around him were minds teeming with principles of the most solemn import, and with feelings of the purest and loftiest aspiration. The king who hated the name of freedom, and who strained his feeble and tremulous nerves to curb the genius of a people determined to be free. The least manly of all the sovereigns of Europe, claiming to be honored as a demi-god by a nation animated with the stern thought, and full-grown feeling of manhood, beyond any other nation in Christendom, and perhaps beyond all the nations of Christendom collectively in that age.

In all this we see a large amount of the unnatural, and the source of much inevitable mischief. But this mischief fell with its greatest weight on religion, and on the consciences of devout men. Many of the restless spirits of the time—the gallants as they were called—manifested their inquietude beneath this uncongenial control;

and no scene of action being open to them, either as soldiers abroad, or as inviting them to do some fine thing at home, they many of them turned their attention to the newly-discovered regions of the earth, and to plans of colonization. But your gallants are not good at colonization. That sort of enterprise demands something more rare than courage, and something more valuable than ordinary worldly sagacity. Social virtue is nowhere tested as in infant settlements. Men who go upon such experiments need rooted principle, no less than stoutness of heart, and a spirit of patient endurance.

In England, at the time to which we refer, it was on minds of this better order that the pressure in favor of emigration came with its greatest force. Elizabeth was the sovereign of a double empire. She claimed dominion over the soul as truly as over the body. By her ecclesiastical supremacy, she took under her jurisdiction, not only the things which belonged to Cæsar, but the things which belonged to God. Her prescriptions on the matter of religion, embraced all that her people should believe, and all that they should do. From her pleasure they were to receive every article of their creed, and every direction, even the minutest, in regard to worship. No pontiff had ever exercised a more rigorous domination in this respect, when seated in the midst of his cardinals, than was exercised by Elizabeth, when presiding in her assembly of ecclesiastical commissioners. The men who should deny the right of the pope to assume such powers might be burned before St. Peter's. The men who made the same denial in respect to Elizabeth were hanged at Tyburn. The queen, indeed, was head of the church in a more intimate degree than of the state, her ecclesiastical functionaries being generally much more manageable in relation to the one, than her parliamenters were found to be in relation to the other. Her power in this department was greater than in any other; and by her proud Tudor temper it was guarded with proportionate solicitude, and exercised with proportionate freedom. In her view, to deny her right to rule the conscience of her subjects, was to deny her right to rule at all, and therefore treason, and an offence to be punished as treason.

In stating thus much, we are not venturing upon ground open to debate. We merely refer to the unquestionable facts of history—facts deplored, we presume, by the modern churchman as sincerely as by the modern dissenter. The quarrel between Elizabeth and the puritans did not involve any direct impeachment of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the crown. The complaint of the puritan was, not that the queen had presumed to meddle with church affairs, but that she had not exercised her authority in such matters after the puritan fashion. It was deemed just that the sovereign, as such, should uphold sound theology, and scriptural discipline and worship; but the puritan claimed to be the judge as to the doctrine, regimen, or ritual, which should be so regarded. Hence conflict ensued between the royal-conscience and the subject-conscience. Opinions which the crown had ruled as being scriptural, the puritan denounced as erroneous; and regulations enjoined as seemly and devout by the one, were described as superstitious or profane by the other.

In the ecclesiastical history of England, the genius of presbyterianism has never proceeded beyond this point. In Scotland, of late years, it

has been otherwise. But in our own earlier history, the adherents of that system, while they claimed exemption in some things from the interference of the civil power, in other, and in greater things, they have clung to the aids of that power with a marked tenacity. The history of English presbyterianism, accordingly, has been too much a struggle for ascendancy, and too little a struggle for freedom. But ascendancy, not based on right, must not be expected to work rightly. It is the rule of the strongest, and it must be sustained by mere strength, more than by principle, virtue or goodness.

Even in the age of Elizabeth, however, there were men who had passed beyond the point adverted to—men who could draw the line, not with an infallible, but certainly with a vigorous hand between the secular and the spiritual—men who maintained that membership in a Christian church should be restricted to persons of Christian character; that the ministers of churches so constituted should be Christian men, approved as such by the persons to whom they minister; and that the worship and discipline of those voluntary assemblies should be determined wholly by themselves, and not at all by the secular power. In the reign of Mary, an act of state had set forth the whole people of England as constituting a popish church. On the accession of Elizabeth, an act of state had set forth the same nation as constituting a protestant church. In both cases the people were the same, and the priesthood for the most part remained the same. The bold men to whom we refer demurred to this manner of proceeding. The mixed multitude of people so spoken of, no doubt included many enlightened and sincere Christians, but could not, it was alleged, be described in any sober sense as being truly a church. In like manner, the ministry of such a church might include many devout men; but the validity of a ministry so appointed must rest on moral grounds, and not in any degree on the state sanctions which might be urged in its favor.

These principles, simple and harmless as they may now seem, struck at the root of the ecclesiastical supremacy then claimed by the crown. Elizabeth saw that if such doctrines became prevalent, the one half of her empire, and the half which she especially valued, must pass to other hands. Opinions of this nature, accordingly, were in her view treasonable—treasonable in the worst sense. They embraced that very principle of divided allegiance which had caused Romanism to become so obnoxious. The catholic gave his conscience in religious matters to his particular church. This new sect of protestants gave their conscience immediately to God. In either case, the body and the outward only were reserved in allegiance to the throne, the soul and the inward were given to another. In the judgment of Elizabeth, the man holding such a doctrine could be only half a subject, and its natural tendency was to reduce every crowned head to the condition of being only half a sovereign.

Robert Brown, a clergymen by education and office, and a kinsman to the great Lord Treasurer Burleigh, distinguished himself, about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, as the promulgator of such opinions. This divine was a personage of ready, earnest, and impassioned utterance, and in his pulpit exhibitions was eminently popular. Crowds assembled to hear him at Cambridge, and

subsequently at Norwich, where he was beneficed. As a preacher he was well known through great part of England, and with his itinerant and irregular services in that capacity, he connected the publication of his opinions from the press. One seal of an apostle was not wanting in his instance. In prosecuting his vocation, he found that bonds and imprisonment commonly awaited him. These he bore through many years with the most dogged obstinacy, if not with the most exemplary patience. It was his boast that he had been committed to more than thirty prisons, in some of which his hand could not be seen at noonday. To escape from this inconvenient usage, and from some more severe treatment with which he was threatened, Brown fled to Middleburgh in Zealand, and instituted a church in that city after his own model. But the pastor soon found occasion of disagreement with his new charge, and returning to England, he submitted to the authorities to which he had been so much opposed, and again became a beneficed clergyman. Brown lived to an extreme old age, but the last forty years of his life were the years of a sorry worldling, and his death is said to have been brought on by one of those fits of passion and self-will to which he was liable.

The story of this unhappy man is instructive. He was one of a class—a zealot in religion, without being religious. His hatred of some real or supposed Christian abuses, was presumed to be evidence of his own Christian character; but while doing so much to mend the religion of other men, it was ere long to be manifest that he had no religion of his own. Passionate opposition to error is not the surest way to truth. Piety is self-government in its highest form. It is the Christian temper which must regenerate Christian institutions.

It was natural that the men who embraced the principles once avowed by this apostate should be solicitous not to be called by his name. But their enemies were no less solicitous to fasten that reproach upon them. To call them Brownists, was to identify them with the extravagant, the fickle, and the base in the career of Robert Brown. What theologian, or what philosopher even, could be expected to forego so felicitous an occasion of using a nickname. The principles of the said Brown were one thing, and the character of the man another. But how much was to be gained by not seeming to perceive that distinction? The learned and the vulgar—philosophy and Billingsgate—are found, on such occasions, to possess much more in common than is commonly supposed.

But whatever may have been the case with their persecutors, the conscientious men holding the principles which Brown had abandoned, were philosophers enough not to allow themselves to be scared from great truths by the accident of an infelicitous association. They held their secret assemblies. They possessed a private printing-press, and issued tracts and treatises, sometimes grave and sometimes satirical, impugning the order of things in the established church, and inculcating their own widely different views on such subjects. In some of these pieces the language employed was not always the softest which might have been chosen. But men perishing under the weight of hard blows, may be excused if they sometimes use hard words. Proclamations

were issued to suppress these irregular proceedings, and many of the alleged delinquents were made to feel that these intimations of the royal pleasure were not so much empty threatening.

Two Brownist ministers, named John Copping and Elias Thacker, were imprisoned in Bury St. Edmund's, on the charge of dispersing books opposed to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the crown, and acknowledging the authority of the queen in civil matters only. Within our own memory, confinement in a jail, especially in some provincial districts, has been connected with enough of the loathsome and the horrible. But of the miseries of such a durance in the age of Elizabeth, we have little conception, except as suggested by some of those painful descriptions which have reached us from the cells of such sufferers. Copping and Thacker might have obtained their liberty on renouncing their errors, and promising conformity. During five long winters their wants and wretchedness were made to plead on the side of submission, but though examined once and again, they wavered not. At length they were apprised that their life would be the cost of their further contumacy. On the 4th of June, 1583, Thacker was led to the place of execution. The books which he had been convicted of dispersing were burned in his presence, and the injured man gave noble proof that his religious principles were stronger than his fear of death. Two days afterwards, Copping was conducted to the same spot, and having witnessed the same proceedings, died with the same martyr firmness. It is something to meet death as the soldier meets it, when multitudes share in the common peril; it is more to submit to it in the comparative solitariness of martyrdom, when nothing can come from man except the influence of distant sympathy or admiration; but these sufferers bade adieu to earth amidst circumstances which left them no sustaining power, beside their simple hope of heaven. The scattered and bleeding remnant who would honor their memory, were a people despised as much as they were wronged. The heart is formed to crave a sympathetic power from other hearts, and can be strong without it only as strength shall come to it from a much higher source. Man becomes superior to the terrors of this world, in such circumstances, only as he can take firm hold on a better.

The houses of persons suspected of embracing the opinions professed by these men were often rigorously searched. The officers employed on those occasions frequently ill-treated even the women and the children of such families, and, under various pretences, often added the spoiling of their goods to insult and oppression. In 1592, fifty-six men of this sect were apprehended while holding a secret assembly for religious worship in a large room in the parish of Islington. The place of meeting was that in which the persecuted protestants had often worshipped during the reign of Queen Mary. These persons were committed to the dungeon in Newgate, the Fleet, Bridewell, and other prisons in the metropolis. One of their number states that their persecutors "would allow them neither meat, drink, fire nor lodging, nor suffer any, whose hearts the Lord would stir up for their relief, to have any access to them; purposing, belike, to imprison them to death, as they have done seventeen or eighteen others, in the same noisome jails, within these six years." Most of these men were needy persons, with fami-

lies dependent for subsistence on their industry. Their offence was declared to be unbailable, and according to the bad usage of those times, a jail delivery, in place of coming at brief and certain intervals, as with us, was an event which the government managed to evade in particular cases, so as to punish, by means of imprisonment, to any extent, denying to the imprisoned their right to an open, a legal, and a speedy trial. Many, accordingly, died in prison, and the prayer of the men who had been apprehended at Islington was—"We crave for all of us but the liberty either to die openly or to live openly, in the land of our nativity; if we deserve death, it beseemeth the majesty of justice not to see us closely murdered, yea, starved to death with hunger and cold, and stifled in loathsome dungeons; if we be guiltless, we crave but the benefit of our innocence, that we may have peace to serve our God and our prince, in the place of the sepulchres of our fathers."

Among the persons apprehended in 1592, were Henry Barrow and John Greenwood. In the records of the proceedings against these recusants, the former is described as "gentleman," the latter as "clerk." Barrow was the author of a petition to parliament on behalf of himself and his suffering brethren, from which the above extracts are taken. The indictment against Barrow and Greenwood charged them with holding and promulgating opinions which impugned the queen's supremacy; with forming churches, and conducting religious worship contrary to law; and with having indulged in libellous expressions concerning some eminent persons. On these grounds sentence of death was passed on them; and in pursuance of that sentence, they were both conveyed from Newgate to Tyburn.

The rope was fastened to the beam and placed about their necks, and in that state they were allowed for a few moments to address the people collected around them. Those moments they employed in expressing their loyalty to the queen, their submission to the civil government of their country, and their sorrow if they had spoken with irreverence or with improper freedom of any man. They reiterated their faith in the doctrines on account of which they were about to suffer death, but entreated the people to embrace those opinions only as they should appear to be the certain teaching of Holy Scripture. When they had prayed for the queen, their country, and all their enemies and persecutors, and were about to close their eyes on the world, the proceedings were suddenly stayed, and it was announced that her majesty had sent a reprieve. The revulsion of feeling which ensued may be imagined. Consciousness of life suddenly flowed back to hearts from which it seemed to have passed away, and men as good as dead again began to live. The breathless people shared in this reflux of emotion. The condemned men gave expression to their joy as became them—the people did so in loud acclamations; and, as the victims were re-conducted from the suburbs of the metropolis to Newgate, the populace in the lanes and streets, and from the windows of the houses, hailed their return as a happy and righteous deliverance. On that day, Barrow sent a statement of these occurrences to a distinguished relative, having access to Elizabeth, pleading that, as his loyalty could no longer be doubtful, he might be set at liberty, or at least be removed from the "loathsome jayle" of Newgate. But early on the following morning the two prisoners were again

summoned from their cells. All that had taken place on the preceding day proved to be a mockery. It was not true that the bitterness of death had passed. They had again to gather up the strength of nature which might enable them to meet that stroke from the hands of a public executioner, and thus, mentally at least, it was their hard lot to undergo the penalty of a double dissolution. They were now conveyed to the same spot with mere secrecy, and were there disposed of in the manner in which society has been wont to dispose of marauders and cut-throats.

The case of John Penry was similar to that of Barrow and Greenwood, but, in some respects, is a still more affecting illustration of the tyranny of the times. Penry was a native of Wales. He had studied at Cambridge, and had taken his degree at Oxford. He was a young man of considerable scholarship, of sincere and fervent piety, and in the warmth of his religious zeal he ventured to publish a treatise, in which he complained, with some vehemence, of the pride, and secularity, and popishness of the state of things in respect to religion, with which the English nation appeared to be so well content. A warrant was issued for his apprehension, which he eluded, by seeking an asylum in Scotland. But returning to London soon after the execution of Barrow and Greenwood, he was speedily apprehended; and he appears to have foreseen from that moment all that would follow. Lord Chief Justice Popham passed sentence of death upon him, on the ground of certain papers found in his possession, which were construed as seditious. It was pleaded by the accused that no public use had ever been made of those papers, that some of them were not his own, and had not even been more than very slightly examined by him. But defence was vain. He was admonished that his case admitted of no plea that could avail him. From his prison Penry addressed protestation to the lord-treasurer, containing the following characteristic passages:—

"I am a poor young man, bred and born in the mountains of Wales. I am the first, since the last springing of the gospel in this latter age, that publicly labored to have the blessed seed thereof sown in those barren mountains. I have often rejoiced before my God, as he knoweth, that I had the favor to be born and live under her majesty for the promoting of this work. And being now to end my days before I am come to the one-half of my years in the likely course of nature, I leave the success of my labors unto such of my countrymen as the Lord is to raise after me. An enemy unto any good order or policy, either in church or commonwealth, was I never. All good learning and knowledge of the arts and tongues I labored to attain unto, and to promote unto the uttermost of my power. Whatsoever I wrote in religion, the same I did simply for no other end than the bringing of God's truth to light. I never did anything in this cause (Lord, thou art witness!) for contention, vain-glory, or to draw disciples after me, or to be accounted singular. Whatsoever I wrote or held beside the warrant of the written word, I have always warned all men to leave. And wherein I saw that I had erred myself, I have, as all this land doth now know, confessed my ignorance. Far be it that either the saving of an earthly life, the regard which in nature I ought to have to the desolate outward state of a poor friendless widow, and four poor fatherless infants which

I am to leave behind me, or any other outward thing, should enforce me, by the denial of God's truth, contrary to my conscience, to sell my own soul. The Lord, I trust, will never give me over to this sin. Great things in this life I never sought for, not so much as in thought. A mean and base outward state, according to my mean condition, I was content with. Sufficiency I have had, with great outward troubles, but most contented I was with my lot, and content I am, and shall be, with my undeserved and untimely death, beseeching the Lord that it be not laid to the charge of any creature in this land. For I do, from my heart, forgive all those who seek my life, as I desire to be forgiven in the day of strict account, praying for them as for my own soul, that although upon earth we cannot accord, we may yet meet in heaven, unto our eternal comfort and unity. Subscribed with the heart and the hand which never devised or wrote anything to the discredit or defamation of my sovereign Queen Elizabeth, I take it on my death as I hope to have a life after this. By me, John Penry."

Penry wrote in terms equally noble-hearted and devout to the brethren of the fugitive church adhering to his principles, and still existing in London. On the eighth day after his trial, a warrant was issued for his execution; and on that same day, preparations were made for giving it effect. He was taken in a cart from the Queen's Bench prison, Southwark, to St. Thomas Waterings, the place where the gallows then stood. All had been done with indecent haste. No crowd had assembled to stimulate him to manhood by their presence, or to greet him with their sympathies. No friend stood near to drop one word of counsel or encouragement. He had his place alone. To God only—the last refuge of those deserted by man—could he look. The life in his veins flowed in its full vigor, for he was still in the thirty-fourth year of his age. But the power to which he was subject had no pity; the rope was placed about his neck; the signal was given, and for a cause which scarcely merited punishment at all, he hung there until dead—the scholar, and the man of piety, consigned to the same doom with the murderer.

But the good people of England, and especially of the metropolis, had their musings and speeches about these proceedings. The men so dealt with were known to be sound protestants—men of piety, loyalty, and learning; and concerning the government, the prelates, and, above all, concerning Whitgift, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the great patron of these measures, much was said, which conveyed a meaning that could not have been welcome in those quarters. From this time the punishment of such alleged offences by hanging was deemed inexpedient. It was accounted more safe to pursue the same course by means of imprisonment or banishment. The instincts of humanity have often risen up in this form, as a monitory and controlling power, which even the strongest despotism has not reckoned it prudent wholly to disregard. The most successful tyrants have been thus made to learn that there is a point beyond which outraged humanity must not be expected to be silent or submissive.

But imprisonment in those times, from its duration and its miseries, was hardly less terrible, to those who really knew what it meant, than capital punishment; and the long-harassed people to whom we refer began to think very generally of

voluntary exile as their wisest expedient. Even this course, however, was beset with difficulty. They could escape only by secret means; to be detected was to fall into the snare they were so much concerned to avoid. But the thought of the religious freedom which might be enjoyed in Holland was so welcome, that for that object numbers became willing to bear the pains of separation from their native land, and to brave the dangers of attempting to withdraw from it. Many made that attempt with success, but some were less fortunate. An instance of the latter kind is recorded in the history of Robinson, a clergyman, who had embraced the principles of the Brownists, but who so far modified those principles on some points as to bring them more into the form of modern congregationalism, and who, on that account, is generally regarded as the father of the English Independents. Robinson, and a large company, contracted with the master of a ship for a passage to Holland. They were to embark at Boston, in Lincolnshire, on a certain day, and from a point agreed upon. The captain was not punctual. At length, however, the vessel arrived and, under cover of the night, the men, and women, and children, all reached the ship in safety. But the captain was a villain. He betrayed them to the officers of the port. The passengers and their goods were immediately removed from the vessel to several boats in waiting to receive them. All their property was turned over and examined, and not a little of it rifled. The persons of the men were searched "even to their shirts," and the women were treated with indelicacy and rudeness. When these unhappy people reached the town, crowds assembled to gaze upon them, and many mocked and derided them. Nor was their condition improved when brought before the magistrates. Several were bound over to the assizes, and all were committed to prison. Some were released after the confinement of a few weeks, others after a longer period.

This happened in 1602. In the following spring, Robinson and his friends resolved on making a second attempt of this nature. They made an arrangement for this purpose with a Dutch captain; and their plan now was, that the men should assemble on a large common, between Grimsby and Hull, a place chosen on account of its remoteness from any town; while the women, the children, and the property of these parties, were to be conveyed to that point of the coast in a barque. The men made their way to the place of rendezvous, in small companies, by land. But the barque reached its destination a day before the ship. The swell of the sea was considerable, and as the females were suffering greatly from that cause, the sailors ran the barque into the shelter of a small creek. The next morning the ship arrived, but through some negligence on the part of the seamen, the vessel containing the women, their little ones, and the property, had run aground. The men stood in groups on the shore, and that no time might be lost, the captain of the ship sent his boat to convey some of them on board. But by this time, so considerable a gathering of people in such a place, and in a manner so unusual, had attracted attention; information had been conveyed to persons of authority in the neighborhood; and as the boat which had taken the greater part of the men to the ship was proceeding again towards the shore, the captain saw a large company, armed with swords and muskets, and con-

sisting of horse and foot, advancing towards the point where the barque was still ashore, and where the few remaining men had grouped together. Fearing the consequences of his illicit compact, the captain returned to the ship, hoisted sail, and was speedily at sea. Robinson—honest and able general as he was in every sense—had resolved to be the last to embark. He was a witness, accordingly, of the scene of distress and agony which ensued. The outburst of grief was not to be restrained. Some of the women wept aloud, others felt too deeply, or were too much bewildered, to indulge in utterance of any kind; while the children, partly from seeing what had happened, and partly from a vague impression that something dreadful had come, mingled their sobs and cries in the general lamentation. As the sail of that ship faded away upon the distant waters, the wives felt as if one stroke had reduced them all to widowhood, and every child that had reached the years of consciousness, felt as one who in a moment had become fatherless. But thus dark are the chapters in human affairs in which the good have often to become students, and from which they have commonly had to learn their special lessons. The ship soon encountered foul weather, and after being driven far along the coast of Norway, all hope of saving her being at one time abandoned, she at length safely reached Holland. In the mean while, persecution at home was found to have become a more tedious and odious affair than formerly, and it so happened, in consequence, that by the year 1608, Robinson and the remainder of his company succeeded in leaving their native country, and in obtaining a quiet settlement in Leyden.

In that city the church under the care of Robinson increased until it numbered more than three hundred members, consisting almost wholly of English exiles. Robinson himself was greatly respected by the clergy of Leyden, and by the professors in the university, and on more than one occasion the pastor of the Congregational church in that city gave public proof that his piety, his amiableness, and his eminently practical understanding, were allied with sound scholarship, and with much intellectual vigor and acuteness. He succeeded, also, in communicating much of his own well-regulated temper to his charge. We have good reason to believe that no church in Europe in that age exhibited more of the wise simplicity of a primitive church, or more of that correctness of habit by which we suppose the primitive churches to have been distinguished.

But there are affinities between certain seeds and certain soils, and where these are wanting, the husbandman may labor never so wisely, and still reap only a small return. It is with the mental in this respect as with the physical. This fact is illustrated in the history of Independency in Holland. In the hands of Robinson that system was exhibited with every advantage, but the Hollanders were not to be attracted by it. On the contrary, the intermarriages between the exiles and the Dutch, the necessity laid upon many of the young to quit the homes of their parents, and some other causes, tended to diminish the number of the Independents, so that, after the lapse of ten years, it began to be apprehended that if some new course were not taken, the principles of the settlers, so far, at least, as Holland was concerned, were likely to become extinct; and, which was more painful still, there was as little prospect as ever of

those principles finding any friendly shelter in England. It was this state of things which suggested the expediency of attempting a settlement in the New World. Persecution in England, and apathy in Holland, seemed to point to that course. Nor were the feelings of loyalty without their influence in this matter. Even in the land of the stranger, this much-injured people never failed to evince some pride in speaking of King James as their "natural prince;" and they manifestly shrunk from the thought of seeing their children cease to be subjects of the British crown. England was still their mother-land; its institutions were the bequests of their own noble-hearted fathers; and, after all their ill treatment, to no spot on earth did the generous nature of these exiles turn with so much force of affection. Their fear, they say, was, "that their posterity would in a few generations become Dutch, and so lose their interest in the English nation;" while their own desire rather was, "to enlarge his majesty's dominions, and to live under their natural prince." Moreover, "a great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation, or, at least, to make some way thereunto for the propagating and advancement of the gospel of the kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of the world—yea, although they should be but as stepping-stones unto others for the performance of so great a work." These reasons in favor of such an enterprise were first debated in private. The more they were weighed, the more did obedience to them appear to be a duty. At length they were propounded in public. Solemn days of humiliation were then appointed, that the Divine will might be known. Some of those days were given to private meditation and prayer. On others, the heavenly guidance was sought by conjoint supplications in the house of God. In the end it was agreed—"that part of the church should go before their brethren into America, to prepare for the rest. And if in case the major part of the church should choose to go over with the first, then the pastor should go along with them; but if the major part stayed, that he should then stay with them."

Our own age is not likely to appreciate the spirit which prompted to this movement in the age of which we are writing. Our philosophy, in connexions of this sort, vain as we sometimes are of it, is, for the most part, a very superficial affair. Our greatest pretenders to sagacity in this shape, judge too much of other times by their own, and of other men by themselves. The theology of the Congregationalists in Leyden was that of all the reformed churches, but their principles in relation to church polity and religious worship were peculiar to themselves. These principles, moreover, were not adopted as so many points of the expedient or the seemly, but were regarded as taught in the Scriptures, and as taught there no less certainly than the doctrines of their theology. In their judgment, the hand from which they had received the one had given them the other. The polity had come with the theology, because the former was in its nature the best adapted to secure the ends of the latter. Ages of darkness had obscured both, but the time had come in which the influence of the spirit of the Reformation should be extended equally to both. Care about the one was as truly a religious duty as care about the other. Churches constituted as those maxims required, were churches which must cease to be

of the world, and must stand forth as the manifest work of God. In them, the power of the worldly, which had done so much to obscure the religion of the gospel, could have no place. In their instance, the religious must be fully emancipated from the control of the secular; and the church, possessed of her proper freedom, be prepared to enter on the discharge of her proper mission. Every such church is an enfranchised body, vested with the full power of self-government. It is the government of the religious in the church, adumbrating the just government of the virtuous and the state. It exhibits man religiously as man should be socially. It exacts a moral fitness, preparatory to the conferring of this franchise, and it confers the franchise wherever that fitness is realized. It is a polity devised by Infinite Wisdom to conserve religious truth and religious order; and it contains many suggestive lessons, which, if wisely applied, might suffice to regenerate the condition of the world. Among the means of human improvement, accordingly, these principles are entitled to the highest place. Men have done well in having done so much to rescue from threatened oblivion the remains of ancient literature and art. But in these religious principles, so long buried amidst the ruins of the middle age, there were treasures of much greater worth. The precious things of the scholar or the virtuoso were so many fragments recovered from the past genius of man, but these elements of spiritual government were so much wisdom recovered from the lost revelation of God—the former might contribute to embellish the present, the latter possessed a power to embellish and ennoble the present and the future.

Robinson and his coadjutors may not have been accustomed to express themselves in these precise terms, but the thoughts which these terms convey were all familiar to them; and it was with views thus devout and expanded, that they contemplated their removal to the distant regions of the west. Seed so precious was not to be lost, and how best to conserve it until its wider diffusion should place its extinction beyond all danger, was their great solicitude. It is manifest, from their subsequent history, that in some respects they still needed further light concerning the province of the magistrate in regard to religion, but to the extent above stated they had fairly proceeded. It may be said, indeed, that all this was so much delusion; the notions so valued are not taught in the New Testament, nor can they be shown to be pregnant with any such marvellous tendencies as are thus ascribed to them. Our answer is, that we are not concerned just now with the question of the truth or falsehood of these opinions, nor with their real or supposed tendencies. We look to these principles simply as having been entertained; and as having been thus viewed; and in this matter of fact alone, we find enough to impart to the conduct of the pilgrim fathers the strictest consistency, and, withal, a dignity—a high moral heroism, which has not been surpassed, and which can hardly be said to have been equalled, in the history of ancient or modern nations.

Until 1614, the whole extent of country from Florida to Canada bore the name of North and South Virginia. From that year the northern division began to be known by the name of New England. James had chartered two companies of merchants, the one in London and the other in Plymouth, empowering them to make and regu-

late settlements along that extended coast, and to the distance of a hundred miles inland.

The Plymouth company had made little use of their patent, until occasion was afforded them of doing so by the project of the congregation at Leyden. So many of those persons as had resolved to become colonists sold their property and threw the proceeds into a common stock, and their first expenditure from that fund was in the purchase of a small vessel of sixty tons, which bore the name of the *Speedwell*. In that vessel several of the brethren, who were deputed to make some requisite negotiations in England, performed their voyage and returned. But the *Mayflower*, a ship of one hundred and eighty tons, was hired in London, to sail in company with the *Speedwell*. The former vessel was secured for the voyage only, the latter, the colonists meant to retain for the service of the settlement. When the *Speedwell* reached Delft Haven, the brethren of the deputation proceeded inland to Leyden, and reported faithfully to the congregation the result of their embassy. They had obtained a document which secured to them liberty of worship, and had made the best terms they could, in other respects, with the company of merchant adventurers at Plymouth.

And now came the season for separation. He was a bold man who was the first to commit himself to a passage across that world of waters which has been since found to separate between the shores of Europe and Africa, and those of the great western continent. We have sometimes thought, that of all the tests which have been applied to the courage and firmness of the human spirit, that must have been the greatest. Nor was it soon that the dangers and hardships of such a voyage began to be thought inconsiderable. Pirates, and the ships of hostile nations, generally infested those seas. The vessels of those times, also, were few of them of a structure adapted to brave the perils of such a voyage; and the interior economy of ships, if we may so speak, down to a comparatively recent period, left those who made long voyages subject to inconvenience, want, and disease, in a degree happily little known to us. It was from these causes that so long an interval passed after the discovery of North America, and so little was done towards establishing any important relation between that continent and Great Britain. We can excuse the pious men and women of the congregation at Leyden, if when they looked forward to such a voyage, and to the possible beyond it, they had their moments in which the prospect awakened in them something like dismay. But with them, prayer had always been the antagonist of fear. To look to their God in the time of trouble was to become strong. On this memorable occasion, accordingly, they gave themselves to religious exercises of special solemnity. A day of humiliation was appointed. On that day their pastor addressed them from the language of the prophet Ezra—"I proclaimed a fast there at the river of Ahava, that we might afflict our souls before God, to seek of him a right way for us and for our little ones, and for all our substance." Many suitable counsels were given to them, of the nature of which some judgment may be formed from the following passage:—

"Brethren," said Robinson, "we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your face on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows; but whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you, before

God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ.

"If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw: whatever part of his will our good God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

"This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God; but were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received, for it is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick anti-christian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.

"I must also advise you to abandon, avoid, and shake off the name BROWNIIST. It is a mere nickname, and a brand for the making religion and the professors of it odious to the Christian world."

There is enough in the enlightened candor and vigorous perception evinced in this passage, to justify the highest praise bestowed on this eminently gifted man. In the religious service adverted to, instruction was followed by prayer, prayer became that of deep feeling, and deep feeling found its vent in abundance of tears. The majority of the congregation determined to remain for the present in Leyden, and Robinson, as before provided in that case, was to remain with them. The number of the colonists was about one hundred and twenty. Most of their brethren, especially the more aged, accompanied them from Leyden to the neighboring port of Delft Haven; and thus, says their own historian, "they left that good and pleasant city, which had been their resting-place about eleven years." They found the ship in readiness for departure. Some of their friends, who could not accompany them on their leaving Leyden, now contrived to join them; others came from Amsterdam, all being desirous of seeing them once more, and of deferring their farewell to the last moment in which it might be uttered. One night still remained to them. It was a night, we are told, of little sleep; and was employed "in friendly entertainment and Christian discourse, and other real expressions of true Christian love. The next day they went on board, when truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting; to hear what sighs, and sobs, and prayers did sound among them; what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each others heart; that sundry of the Dutch strangers that stood spectators could not refrain from tears!"

But the tide now seemed to rebuke these delays. Separation, however painful, could be deferred no longer. Robinson fell upon his knees, the whole company around threw themselves into the same posture, and while every cheek of man, of woman, and of their little ones, was bedewed with tears, the man of God sent up his parting prayer from their midst for the much needed blessing of Hea-

ven upon them! Mutual embraces followed, and that leave-taking came, which, to the greater number, was a last leave. The wind was fair. The ship now glided from her place; all her canvass was spread, and soon the eye, straining to retain the sight of the faint and cloud-like sail, saw nothing save the blue line of the distant sea!

The Speedwell soon reached Southampton, where the Mayflower, with some brethren on board who had not returned to Holland, was awaiting her arrival. The colonists being all now assembled, expressed their mutual congratulations, and directed their thoughts more intently towards their new home. Several weeks, however, were still occupied in making the necessary provisions for so responsible an undertaking. At length, on the 5th of August, in the year 1620, the Speedwell and Mayflower sailed from Southampton. But they had not proceeded far, before Reynolds, the master of the Speedwell, complained of that vessel as being in an unsound state, and insisted that it would be perilous to venture across the Atlantic in her, without considerable repairs. Both ships, accordingly, put in at Dartmouth, from which place, after the Speedwell had been caulked, they again set sail. But when they had run about a hundred leagues, Reynolds again complained of the ship, and both vessels returned to Plymouth. The Speedwell was there abandoned, and the whole company committed themselves to their voyage in the Mayflower. It proved afterwards that Reynolds was treacherous, either fearing that the provisions would not be adequate, or that the expedition from other causes would be a failure. The Speedwell performed several voyages subsequently without danger. These delays were the more to be regretted, as the summer was now past, and the prospect was that of a winter voyage. On the 6th of September, the Mayflower sailed from Plymouth, and made her way, with a fair wind, to the southwest, until the faint headlands of Old England became to the pilgrims like so much faded cloud, and at length wholly disappeared. They had most of them sighed farewell to the coast of their mother country before, when they had fled from her shores in search of a resting-place in Holland. But this farewell must have been uttered with a deeper feeling, as being more like their last!

The voyage was long, rough, and painful, and at more than one time perilous. In the ninth week the pilgrims came within sight of land, which, on a nearer approach, proved to be that of Cape Cod. The Hudson River, their place of destination, lay farther southward. But the weary voyager, on regaining the sight of the green earth, is eager to plant his foot upon it. The pilgrims yielded to this impulse, and as they reached the shore, "fell upon their knees, and blessed the God of heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from many perils and miseries." It is not too much, to say, that in that first prayer from the soil of the New World, ascending from so feeble a brotherhood amidst a wilderness so desolate, there were the seeds of a new civilization for mankind, the elements of all freedom for all nations, and the power which in its turn shall regenerate all the empires of the earth. Half a day was thus spent. The pilgrims then urged the captain to pursue his course southward. But the Dutch had resolved to establish settlements of their own in those parts, and had bribed the commander to frustrate the

purpose of the colonists in that respect. This he did by entangling the ship amidst shoals and breakers, instead of putting out to sea, and foul weather coming on in the early part of the second day, they were driven back to the Cape. It was now the middle of November. The shelter offered at the Cape was inviting. The captain became impatient to dispose of his company and return. He admonished them that nothing should induce him to expose himself and his men to the hazard of wanting provisions. Unless they meant, therefore, that he should at once set them and their goods on shore and leave them to their course, it would behove them to adopt their own measures and to act upon them without delay. They knew that the documents they had brought with them from England gave them no authority to attempt a settlement on the land now before them. But the plea of necessity was upon them, and was more than enough to justify them in selecting a home wherever it might be found. The voyage had reduced most of them to a weak and sickly condition. The wild country, as they gazed upon it from their ship, was seen to be covered with thickets and dense woods, and already wore the aspect of winter. No medical aid awaited them on that shore, no friendly greetings, but hardship and danger in every form. They felt that their safety, and such poor comfort as might be left to them, must depend in their power to confide in God and in each other. Hence, before they left the *Mayflower*, they constituted themselves as subjects of "their dread sovereign lord King James," into a body politic, and bound themselves to such obedience in all things as the majority should impose. The men all signed the instrument drawn up for this purpose, but they did not exceed forty-one in number, themselves and their families numbering one hundred and one.

Mr. John Carver was chosen as their governor for one year, and the first act of the new chief was to place himself at the head of sixteen armed men for the purpose of exploring the country. When they had extended their inspections to somewhat more than a mile from the coast, they discovered five Indians, whom they followed several miles further, in the hope of bringing them to some friendly communication, but without success. Directing their steps again towards the shore, they came to a cleared space, where some families of Indians had been not long since resident. But no spot proper to become their home presented itself. One of their number saw a young tree bent down to the earth, apparently by artificial means, and being curious to know what this thing meant, the white man ventured near, when on a sudden the tree sprung up, and in a moment our good pilgrim was seen suspended by the heel in the air. He had been caught in an Indian deer-trap, and we can suppose that even so grave a company would be somewhat amused at such an incident, especially when they had fully extricated their incautious brother without further mischief.

The Bay of Cape Cod is formed by a tongue of land, which juts out from the continent for thirty miles directly eastward into the sea; it then curves to the north, and stretches as a still narrower strip in that direction to about the same extent. The bay itself, accordingly, is somewhere about thirty miles across either way, being bounded by the main land on the west, by a curved tongue of land on the south and east, and being open to the sea, in its full width, on the north. The second

exploring expedition from the *Mayflower* was made with a boat, under the direction of the master, and consisted of thirty men. They sailed several leagues along the coast without discovering any inlet which could serve the purpose of a harbor. In running up a small creek, sufficient to receive boats, but too shallow for shipping, they saw two huts, formed with stakes and covered with mats, which, on their approach, were hastily deserted by the natives who inhabited them. Some of the company would have attempted a settlement at that point, the ground being already cleared, and the place being such as promised to be healthy, while it admitted of being put into a posture of defence. The setting in of winter, of which the colonists were made more sensible every day, manifestly prompted this counsel. But others advised that an excursion should be made twenty leagues northward, where it was certain they might secure good harbors and fishing stations. The boat however, returned, and a third expedition, which should go round the shores of the whole bay, was resolved upon.

The chief of the colonists were of this company; Carver, Bradford, Winslow and Standish—all afterwards men of renown—were of the number, with eight or ten seamen. It was the sixth of December, when they descended from the deck of the *Mayflower* to the boat. So extreme was the cold, that the spray of the sea as it fell on them became ice, and was shaken in heavy fragments from their apparel, which at times was so overlaid as to give them the appearance of men clad in mail. The landscape, as they coasted along, presented little to attract them. Its forests were black and leafless, and its open spaces were covered with snow more than half a foot deep. As they looked round on that scene, they had to remember that they were five hundred miles from the nearest English settlement, and that Port Royal, the nearest French colony, was at a still greater distance. In prospect of such a region, they might well have prayed that their landing might not be in winter—but such was their lot. That day they reached the spot now known by the name of Billingsgate Point, at the bottom of the bay. Landing in the evening, they passed the night on shore without disturbance. In the morning, they divided their company, and directing their course westward, some coasted along in the boat, and others explored the land, crossing its snow-covered hills, and threading its dells and forests with no little difficulty. But this second day was as barren of discovery as the preceding. In the evening, they ran the boat into a creek, and constructing a barricade of trees and logs, they all slept on shore.

They rose at five in the morning, and continued in their prayers till daybreak, when suddenly loud and strange cries were heard, and a shower of arrows was poured in upon them. The Indians had attacked them. They seized their arms, but had not more than four muskets with them, the remainder being left in the boat. The assailants did not disperse on the first fire. One of them, with great courage and dexterity, took his position behind a tree, withstood three volleys, and discharged three arrows in return. But the object of the enemy was to scare rather than to conquer; and when they had retired, the pilgrims again bowed themselves in prayer and thanksgiving before God. They now committed themselves to their third day of search.

Nearly fifty miles of coast they inspected, but the long-sought good—a convenient harbor—was still undiscovered. The pilot, however, had visited those regions before, and assured them, that if they would trust themselves to his guidance, they would reach a good haven before night. But the elements did not seem to favor this prediction. The heavens become dark. Heavy rain and snow begin to fall; the wind becomes boisterous; the sea swells; and in the tossings which follow, the rudder is broken, and the boat must now be steered by oars. The men look with anxiety to the sky, the sea, and the land; but all is gloomy, pitiless, and menacing. The storm increases; it is perilous to bear much sail, but all that can be borne must be spread, or it will be in vain to dream of reaching the expected shelter before night. A sudden wave throws the boat upon the wind; in a moment, her mast is rifted into three pieces—mast, sail and tackling are cut away with the utmost speed, and are seen floating on the distant waves. The tide, however, is favorable, but the pilot, in dismay, would now run the boat on shore in a cove full of breakers. The moment is as the hinge of life to all on board. A stout-hearted seaman exclaims—"If you are men, about with her, or we are gone!" The words are electric; the prow of the boat is again turned to the elements; they make their way through the surf; and within an hour, they enter a fair sound, and shelter themselves under the lee of a small rise of land. It is now dark; the rain beats furiously; that dimly-seen shore is the home, probably, of savage men; to descend upon it and to kindle a fire must be perilous—may be fatal. But the men are so wet, so cold, so exhausted! They resolve to land. With difficulty the newly-gathered wood is made to send forth its welcome glow; and then they make such provision as they may for the night.

As the day began to dawn, they found the place on which they had landed to be a small island within the entrance of a harbor. This day was Saturday, and many of their company were so weak and sickly, that the greater part of it was given to rest, and to such preparations as were necessary for exploring the country. But the next day, being the Sabbath, could not be so employed. The pilgrims felt the advancing season, knew the haste of the captain and crew to return, and remembered the suspense of their families and brethren, from whom they had now been absent three days; but nothing could induce them to overlook the claims of the Christian's day of rest. On the morning of Monday, the 11th of December, old style, these fathers landed at a point, to which they gave the name of New Plymouth, in grateful memory of the hospitality shown them in the last English port from which they sailed. On that spot they resolved to fix their settlement. The anniversary of their landing still calls forth the gratitude and reverence of their posterity, and the rock on which they first planted their foot, may be seen, within an appropriate inclosure, in front of a building of the modern town, which bears the name of the Pilgrims' Hall.

In a few days, the Mayflower entered the harbor of New Plymouth. But the shore was such, that in landing their goods, it was necessary the men should wade considerably in water, which added greatly to the subsequent sickness among them. On the 19th, all quitted the ship, and were immediately employed in building a storehouse, in

raising small dwelling-houses, and in disposing of the adjacent ground. In respect to religion, everything had been determined before their embarkation, and in respect to civil affairs, they had already adopted their polity. Popular government, in its fullest extent, was the element both of the civil and of the ecclesiastical constitution, which they had before approved, and which they now confirmed. Their state polity, indeed, was the pure and natural result of circumstances; but their religious polity, as that of an independent or congregational church, they ascribed to a higher source—the authority of Holy Scripture. Had New England been colonized at an earlier period in our history, or had its first successful settlement originated in almost any other manner than that we have described, everything in its social condition would have derived a strong impression from the older institutions of the mother country. But now, all was free, and the great advantage of *beginning well* was secured.

But, intent as the settlers were on raising their places of abode, their labor in that respect proceeded slowly. The season of the year left them only short days, and often on those days only brief intervals, between the storms of sleet and snow, that could be so employed. Nearly all were suffering from fevers, and coughs, and general sickness, brought on by long exposure to unwonted hardships. As the cold increased, disease strengthened, and deaths became frequent. The comparatively healthy were little able to bestow the required attention on the sick, and every funeral was as if the dying had been called to the burying of the dead. At one season, there were not more than seven persons capable of performing such offices. Amongst those who were the earliest cut off, was a son of Carver, the governor. His own sickness and death soon followed; and then his affectionate wife sunk broken-hearted to the grave. Carver was a man of a noble and generous nature. He had sold considerable estates, and had assigned the whole value to the benefit of his companions. In all their trouble, no man descended more readily to the humblest service in behalf of the meanest. The mourning colonists buried him with such military honors as they could command, discharging several volleys of musketry over his grave. William Bradford, the subsequent historian of the colony, was chosen his successor. But in the course of this melancholy winter, of the hundred and one settlers, fifty were removed by death!

In March, the cold abated, the wind came from the south, and "the birds sung pleasantly in the woods." The Mayflower now left the harbor, and returned to England. But after so many had fallen victims to exposure and climate, the remainder were in danger of perishing from want. In the autumn new emigrants arrived. They came without provision. The pilgrim families could not see them die of hunger, and during six months they all subsisted on half allowance only. "I have seen men stagger," says Winslow, "by reason of faintness for want of food." At one juncture, it appeared to be their doom that famine should destroy them. They were saved by the compassion of fishermen, whom foul weather had driven to their coast. Nor did these things soon end. Even in the third year of their settlement, their provisions were so far spent, that, in their own language, "they knew not at night where to find a bit in the morning." It is said, that in the spring of 1623, they were reduced to the last pint

of corn. That precious pittance, we are told, was parched, and distributed equally among them, and yielded them five grains apiece. In the summer of that year, they had no corn whatever, during a space of three or four months. When some of their old friends from Leyden arrived to join them, a piece of fish, with a cup of spring-water, but without bread, was the best supply to which they could bid them welcome. Yet their heart drooped not. The God who had tried them, would not forsake them. Such was their faith, and such has become their history.

One cause of this protracted suffering was the common property system, on which the settlement had been founded. Even in a colony of pilgrims, such a merging of the individual in the general interest was found to be too large a demand on the self-denial of human nature. Religion and philosophy may dream of communities as prospering on such a basis, but it will be all a dream. Amidst the extreme privations of the spring of 1623, it was resolved that this policy should be abandoned. Each family was in future to possess its own piece of land, and to reap the fruit of its own toil. Contentment and general activity were the result. Even women and children went into the work of the field, and before many more springs had passed, the corn raised in the neighborhood of New Plymouth became an important article of traffic.

Happily, the danger of the colonists from the Indians in those early days was not considerable. Had they proceeded, according to their original intention, to the Hudson River, the tribes in possession of those parts were so powerful as to leave little room to doubt that the fate of so feeble a company would have been to perish by the weapons of the natives. But in the neighborhood of New Plymouth, the tribe which had for some time peopled that district had been of late almost wholly swept away by the ravages of the small-pox—an apt illustration of that freedom from disease which some romantic speculators on the history of society are disposed to reckon among the many felicities of savage life. Is it not strange that these sentimental votaries of primitive barbarism are never seen making any attempt towards returning to the state to which they do such worship? They load our civilization with every sort of abuse, and still they cling to it—cling to it, in all its forms, with a tenacity inferior only to that with which they cling to life. It would be amusing were some of these amiable personages for once to become consistent; but, unfortunately, there is little prospect of such a consummation—this, however, by the way. Some small groups of Indians hovered at intervals in the neighborhood of New Plymouth, from the time when the pilgrims took up their abode in it; but it was not until the 16th of March, about three months after their landing, that the first conference took place between the strangers and a native. On that day, an Indian, who had learned a little English from some English fishermen, entered the town; his bow and arrows were in his hand, but his manner, while erect and self-possessed, was peaceful. He exclaimed, and repeated the exclamation—"Welcome, English!" The name of this man was Samoset; the country of this tribe extended to about five days' journey distant. The settlers showed their best hospitality to the visitor, and obtained from him information concerning the nature of the country, and the number and condition of its inhabitants. Some

days afterwards, Samoset revisited the colony, bringing along with him several of his countrymen. The chief of this company wore a wildcat-skin on his arm, as the badge of his superiority; the rest were partially clothed in deer-skins, but Samoset was naked, with the exception of a garment of leather worn about his waist. Their hair was short in front, but hung at great length down their backs. They are described as being tall, well-formed men, of a gipsy color in complexion. The colonists feasted their visitors, and their visitors in return amused them with some Indian dances; and, on taking their leave, promised to bring Massasoiet, their king, to pay his respects to his new neighbors, very soon.

On the 22d of March, Massasoiet, with his brother, and about sixty of his people, came to New Plymouth. They came without arms. Captain Standish received them at the head of a file of musketeers, and then conducted the king to the seat of state provided for him, which consisted of three or four cushions piled upon a green rug. The person of Massasoiet was tall and well proportioned, his countenance was grave and thoughtful, and his words were few. Almost the only ornament which distinguished him from his attendants was a chain of fish-bones, which he wore about his neck. His face was painted of a red color, and on this state occasion both his face and his head were washed over with oil. The governor entered the apartment, preceded by persons who marched to the sound of the drum and trumpet. Massasoiet rose and kissed his excellency, and governor and king then sat down together. The result of this interview was a treaty of amity between the colonists and the natives, Massasoiet ceding to the pilgrims the possession of the spot on which they dwelt and much of the adjoining territory, and becoming himself a subject of their "sovereign lord King James."

These negotiations were much facilitated by the services of an Indian named Squanto. Squanto had been taken captive by the Spaniards, but making his escape to England, and having been kindly treated by the English master in whose hands he had fallen, this rude son of the wilderness manifested his gratitude in his disposition to think well of all Englishmen. He had acted as interpreter between Massasoiet and the governor, in their conference; and when the king returned, the interpreter remained with the new-comers, and rendered them, in many respects, important service.

In the following July, an embassy was sent by the settlers to the residence of Massasoiet, and Squanto was again called to the office of interpreter. In the country through which this embassy passed they saw many corn-fields and considerable pasture land, but the late pestilence appeared to have left every place without inhabitants. The subjects of Massasoiet, who came to meet the ambassadors, showed the friends of their monarch no little kindness—supplying them with the best provisions, bearing their persons on their shoulders across the rivers, and carrying their luggage many miles under the scorching heat of a midsummer sun. When introduced to the king, the Englishmen presented his majesty with a red cotton coat, trimmed with lace, which the monarch received with manifest tokens of pleasure, and in return carried out his utmost notions of courtesy in his conduct towards his visitors. Mr. Winslow, the

chief man of the embassy, was lodged in the royal bed. That luxury, however, consisted of a few planks only, raised about a foot above the ground. The king and his queen slept at one end, under a thin cover of matting, and two or three of the chief men of the tribe had their place at the other end. As the bed accommodation was indifferent, so was it with the board; and if the stay of the ambassadors at the court of Massasoiet was shorter than might have been expected, the plea of hunger is said to have had something to do with hastening their departure.

But the object of the mission was accomplished; the treaty of March was confirmed; the friendly dispositions of Massasoiet and his people towards their new allies were strengthened; and the latter had succeeded in inspecting the country, and the numbers and resources of the aborigines, without exposing themselves to danger, or calling forth suspicion. Squanto, the learned person who acted as interlocutor on these diplomatic occasions, with all his good qualities, had a strong infusion of the knave in him. He more than once gave evidence that the morality which trusts to the end to sanctify the means, is an obliquity of the human conscience which must be traced to causes much more remote than the conventionalisms of particular churches, or of particular schools of philosophy. On one occasion, being desirous of frustrating a combination amongst the neighboring tribes against the people of New Plymouth, this man who had seen the world, gravely assured the belligerents, that should they attack the English, they would find that among the extraordinary powers possessed by that people, was the power of corking up the plague, or of sending it abroad at pleasure. He admonished them that several of the barrels in the storehouse of the colony were assuredly filled with the small-pox; and that were the strangers to loose the bung of one of those fatal vessels, in any district, all the people would certainly be destroyed by means of that pestilence. Squanto, however, in common with all men who pride themselves on this sort of wisdom, was in the end too wise to be prosperous. He died some years afterwards, but not until he had fallen from the responsible office of state interpreter, in consequence of being often detected in the indulgence of his powers of invention, and his fancy for being thought wiser than his neighbors, on occasions which furnished less excuse than the one above mentioned.

In the course of the first summer, the English furnished all necessary evidence to the natives of their being prepared for war, though desirous of peace; and such was the impression made by those timely displays of friendliness and courage, that by the month of September in that year nine Indian chiefs signed a treaty of peace with the colony, and subscribed themselves as subjects of King James. Canonieus, a chief of a powerful tribe which had not suffered from the late pestilence, was inclined to pursue a different policy. As his manner of declaring war, he sent to the governor at New Plymouth a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a rattlesnake. Bradford removed the arrows, stuffed the skin with bullets and gunpowder, and sent it back thus charged to the enemy. Canonieus shrunk from a conflict with men who could command such terrible means of destruction. He sent no more war messages.

It was before the close of their first year, also,

that the pilgrims boldly explored the harbor of Boston, and the whole of the Massachusetts Bay. They regretted much that their way had not been directed thither, rather than to the spot they had chosen, but it was now too late to think of removal. In the following year, an attempt was made by other parties to found a colony in that quarter. No great principle influenced those parties. The desire of gain, or the pure love of adventure, made them emigrants. They had imagined that the colony at New Plymouth would soon become a thriving settlement, especially by means of its traffic in furs, and they were eager to enter into a division of the spoil. With this view they instituted the colony of New Weymouth, on the south shore of the Boston harbor; and as they commenced under much better auspices than their countrymen in the older settlement, and were not burdened—as they frequently boasted—with women and children, they commenced with the full expectation of soon outstripping their neighbors in the race of power-getting and money-getting. But in the language of those less ostentatious neighbors, these enterprising gentlemen lived much too fast for persons in their circumstances; and it is certain, that in place of making the progress on which they had calculated with so much confidence, they sunk within one short year to such a state of weakness, that they were indebted to the compassion of the Indians for means wherewith to subsist, and to their contempt for permission to live. It is to the immortal honor of the people at New Plymouth that they received these men, as sent out to establish this rival colony, with the utmost cordiality; that they showed them great hospitality when that could not be done without great sacrifice; that they assisted them to commence their settlement; and when they were reduced to their lowest state, interposed, at great hazard to their own interests, to save the remnant remaining from destruction, receiving some to their own home, and furnishing others with the means of returning to England. Men who are childless and alone are not always the men to do great things—the scale often turns on the other side. The family man may have his motives to caution, but how many other motives has he—motives to self-government, endurance, effort—of which the solitary man has no knowledge!

Robinson and the church at Leyden were in constant communication with their brethren, and earnestly desirous of joining them. But the company of merchant adventurers at Plymouth threw constant impediments in the way of their departure. Those thrifty gentlemen were much more disposed to favor the colony at New Weymouth, which they hoped to preserve from puritanism or congregationalism, and to retain in a dutiful relation to the established church of the mother country. Delay from this cause was protracted until 1626. In that year Robinson died. The family of that estimable man, and the remainder of the church, succeeded at length in joining their brethren at New Plymouth. Not long afterwards, the people of that settlement purchased an exemption from all further control on the part of the chartered company in England. Friendly and prosperous colonies rose at convenient distances on either side of them; and before the oldest of the pilgrims was removed by death, it became manifest that the small company which left England in the Mayflower had been the means of

founding a new empire in the New World—an empire not only additional to all that had gone before, but different in its spirit, its institutions, and its religion, from all that had hitherto obtained a place in history.

While many of the exiled independents removed from Holland to New England, many remained in the former country, in hope that the posture of affairs at home might become such as to allow of their return. It was pleasant to think that their ashes might still be laid in the land of their fathers, and that something might still be done by them towards the enlightenment, the freedom, and the happiness of their native country. These hopes were not indulged in vain. In 1642, just about two centuries since, the change came which had been so devoutly wished, and from that time Independency has never ceased to be one of the forms of Christianity professed in this country. But what has been its history!—what is its present condition? During the times of the civil war and the commonwealth, the sagacity and energy allied with that system were not altogether unworthy of it—but what has it done since! We admit that almost everything around it has been uncongenial. Its greatest foes, however, have been from within. It has too often fainted in the face of rebuke—it has not always folded its vesture about it, and fronted the storm as it should have done—it has been wanting, too, we think, in some graver matters. Indeed, in all the points in which the Pilgrim Fathers were strong, modern independency has shown itself weak.

Nothing is more marked in the character of the devout men who found their home at New Plymouth, than the clearness with which they apprehended their distinctive principles, and the importance which they attached to them. It was that they might save those principles from again falling into oblivion that they had become exiles, and that, having become exiles, they still committed themselves to the perils, and hardships, and griefs, of becoming colonists—colonists in one of the most distant and inhospitable regions of the known world. Men who hold principle with a grasp of this order, always hold it to some purpose. The truth thus embraced, is truth that may not die.

Then there were the children of these people. The good most valued by the parents, it was natural they should be most concerned to bequeath to their offspring. Every father in the memorable forty-one who embarked in the Mayflower was as the father of Hannibal—the war against error being committed as a legacy to his children. It was the fact, that some of these were seen falling from their steadfastness by reason of their connexion with strangers, and the hope that such danger would be effectually precluded by such removal, that prompted the heads of the pilgrim families to their memorable expedition westward.

But these plain, thoughtful men looked not to their immediate children only; they looked to a distant posterity, to the future church of God—the future generations of mankind. There was magnanimity in them, largeness of thought and largeness of feeling. In their instance, professions of this nature were not so much mere sentimentality—not a selfish vanity taking the guise of better affection. Their conduct towards the settlers of New Weymouth is evidence that they were men

superior to littleness of soul—men of exalted and generous sentiments. They lived not to themselves. It was their study that their path might be that of benefactors to the living and to the unborn.

But strong as was the attachment of these confessors to that order in church government and worship which they were so careful to observe, all principle of that nature was viewed as subordinate to piety, and was valued in proportion to its supposed conduciveness to piety. What feeling inferior to that of a most conscientious homage to the Invisible, could have led these people to expose themselves to so much suffering, or could have sustained them under the pressure of that suffering? In all their ways they sought a higher guidance than that of mortals. The day of fasting and prayer went before every step of moment in their history. Their first act on touching the soil of the New World, was to prostrate themselves in the exercise of their spiritual priesthood before God; and when exploring the winter shores of that region, you see them employed hours before day in presenting thanksgiving and supplication to their Maker. They believed in God; they were assured of his presence; they confided in him with the fear and the affection of children. The elements were of him—men were of him—and could do no more than his bidding. They loved their polity because it aided their piety. In their case it was not a barren framework, thrust into the place of piety. It was valued because it gave them a real Christian fellowship, and because in so doing it strengthened their Christianity.

Hence it happened, that the strength of their adhesion to their principles as congregationalists, was not more remarkable, than the catholicity of their spirit towards devout men of all other communions. "Their residence in Holland," it is said, "had made them acquainted with various forms of Christianity; a wide experience had emancipated them from bigotry, and they were never betrayed into the excesses of religious persecution." Such is the testimony of Bancroft, whose work on this interesting department of modern history is the most authentic and able in our language. But this result, so little to have been expected in those times, may be traced to the personal character of Robinson, fully as much as to residence in Holland. In respect to certain great principles, that excellent man concluded that he had arrived at certainty; but in many things, as we have seen from his own language, he supposed that both himself and others were still in need of further light. Independency in his hands was fixed in regard to its great principles, but was left to a candid latitude in respect to lesser things. Hence, Mr. Edward Winslow, some time governor of New Plymouth, speaks of the rule of this first proper congregational church in respect to communion in the following terms:—"It is true we profess and desire to practise a separation from the world and the works of it, and are willing to discern an appearance of the grace of God in all we admit to church fellowship. But we do not renounce all other churches; nay, if any joining to us formerly at Leyden, or here in New England, have, with the confession of their faith, held forth the duty of an entire separation from the church of England, I have divers times heard either Mr. Robinson our pastor, or Mr. Brewster our elder, stop them forthwith, showing that we required no such thing at their hands, but only to hold forth

faith in Christ Jesus, holiness in the fear of God, and submission to every ordinance and appointment of God."

Such, then, were the elements of character most observable in the Pilgrim Fathers. Do modern independents possess them? In many they may no doubt be seen—seen in a degree marking a true spiritual lineage. But too commonly we see the obscure in knowledge in place of clearness, and the cold in feeling in place of ardor; or else the substitution of a zeal for polity in the place of a zeal for piety, allied too often with an intolerance of temper, incompatible with a just estimate of the better qualities which belong to the devout of every communion, and leading, not only to onesidedness and misconception, but to an indulgence in misrepresentation, invective, and personalities little consistent with loud professions of attachment to the principles of general freedom. We know that early independency had its faults of this nature in other connexions; but Robinson of Leyden and the men whose character he moulded were nobly free from them. We venture to say, that if modern independents would be the powerful body in this country, which two centuries should have made them, it must be by a more general return to that model of temper and action which is before them in the history of the Pilgrim Fathers. Their wisdom will be found in looking thus to the standard they should follow, much more than to those wrongs and provocations—a plentiful crop, no doubt—which naturally dispose them to indulge in the spirit of retaliation. Temptation comes to all, but while some men fall into the snare, others know how to turn it to advantage.

SCROFULA.*

THE startling facts brought forward as to the *creation*, we may call it, of scrofulous affections by impure air, are new, and present some of the gloomiest features of the volume, inasmuch as they prove the fatal effects of the pernicious influences complained of, in the existence of a deteriorating population, diseased in themselves, and bequeathing disease to a still more wretched posterity. Joseph Toynbee, Esq., one of the witnesses examined, appears to have devoted special attention to this part of the subject: on being asked as to his observation of "the effect of defective ventilation," he replies—"The defective ventilation appears to me to be the principal cause of the scrofulous affections, which abound to an enormous extent amongst our patients. When I have had a scrofulous patient come before me, I have always been able to trace this as one of the agents." He cites the work of a French physician, M. Baude- loque, in which it is stated "that the repeated respiration of the same atmosphere is the cause of scrofula; that if there be entirely pure air, there may be bad food, bad clothing, and want of personal cleanliness, but that scrofulous disease cannot exist." The following facts are further quoted:—"The development of scrofula is constantly preceded by the sojourn, more or less prolonged, in air which is not sufficiently freshened. It is impossible to deny that hereditary disposition, the lymphatic temperament, uncleanness, want of clothing, bad food, cold and humid air, are of themselves circumstances non-effective for the production of scrofula.

* From an article in Chambers' Journal, upon the first volume of the Report of the Health of Towns Commission.

"When it is seen, on the other hand, that this disease never attacks persons who pass their lives in the open air, and manifests itself always when they abide in an air which is unrenewed, and this whatever may be the extent of other causes, it appears evident that the non-renewal of the air is a necessary condition in the production of scrofula. Invariably, it will be found on examination, that a truly scrofulous disease is caused by a vitiated air, and it is not always necessary that there should have been a prolonged stay in such an atmosphere. Often a few hours each day is sufficient; and it is thus that persons may live in the most healthy country, pass the greater part of the day in the open air, and yet become scrofulous, because of sleeping in a confined place, where the air has not been renewed. This is the case with many shepherds. It is usual to attribute scrofula, in their case, to exposure to storms, and atmospheric changes, and to humidity. But attention has not been paid to the circumstance, that they pass the night in a confined hut, which they transport from place to place, and which protects them from wet; this hut has only a small door, which is closed when they enter, and remains closed also during the day; six or eight hours passed daily in a vitiated air, and which no draught ever renews, is the true cause of their disease. I have spoken of the bad habit of sleeping with the head under the clothes, and the insalubrity of the *classes* where a number of children are assembled together."

An instance is adduced in corroboration: "At three leagues from Amiens lies the village of Oresmeaux; it is situated in a vast plain, open on every side, and elevated more than 100 feet above the neighboring valleys. About sixty years ago, most of the houses were built of clay, and had no windows; they were lighted by one or two panes of glass fixed in the wall; none of the floors, sometimes many feet below the level of the street, were paved. The ceilings were low; the greater part of the inhabitants were engaged in weaving. A few holes in the wall, and which were closed at will by means of a plank, scarcely permitted the air and light to penetrate into the workshop. Humidity was thought necessary to keep the threads fresh. Nearly all the inhabitants were seized with scrofula, and many families, continually ravaged by that malady, became extinct; their last members, as they write me, died *rotten with scrofula*.

"A fire destroyed nearly a third of the village; the houses were rebuilt in a more salubrious manner, and by degrees scrofula became less common, and disappeared from that part." Other facts are brought forward, all tending to prove the fatal effects of vitiated air, and the beneficial results of a constantly pure atmosphere, not only on the health, but on the morals of the people. Other authorities—Dr. Blacke, Dr. Blakely Brown, Dr. Duncan, and Professor Alisen—fully confirm these statements; in addition to which, we are informed that "defective ventilation may be considered one great cause of all the diseases of the joints which we so frequently meet with, as well as of the diseases of the eye and skin—shingles, lepra, and *porrigo*, or ringworm. Besides the eye, the ear is injuriously affected by vitiated air, which thus becomes the cause of many cases of deafness. It is a fact, that at least two times more of the children of the laboring-classes are affected by earache and deafness, than of children of the rich and better-conditioned classes, less exposed to the like influences."

From the Edinburgh Tales.

LITTLE FANNY BETHEL.

THERE is not a more weather-proof man in all London than myself, though I say it; nor one who, in all seasons, has more contempt for the cockney comforts of omnibuses, cabs, and all chance lifts whatsoever; from the dignity of "a friend's carriage," to a "set down" in the family apothecary's snug one-horse chaise. Yet, in one or two days of every year—those few days which have a sensible effect in thinning the rolling human tide which sets in from Temple-Bar, through Fleet-street and the Strand—I am sometimes—in spite of the protective powers of my famous umbrella—induced, knowingly, to give Nurse Wilks' remonstrances the credit of a temporary confinement; and to remain for a whole morning in my apartment, with no better society than a good sea-eal fire, nor more amusing companion than my old "Diaries." My readers know that these are kept in useless ledgers, crossed and re-crossed in choice hieroglyphics of my own invention. I trust none of my admiring friends—to vindicate the credit of their own sagacity in having distinguished me—will, after my death, present these tomes to the British Museum. They would assuredly puzzle future antiquaries more than the celebrated Rosetta stone. The key to that has, I believe, been found; but I defy any future Champollion to discover that the violet and the oak sapling, which illuminate my page 486, signify Little Fanny Bethel and somebody else.

In running over this aforesaid ledger, I am sometimes tempted to believe that I shall have a long account one day against my thriving brother James, the rich solicitor, for trouble taken and anxiety endured in his matters. He gets off by alleging that I never undertake any *job* for him unless I first take a fancy to it myself. He would insinuate that, in business affairs, I am little more than an amateur performer, and that I will play nothing save my own favorite pieces, and those in my own time; and that, in the particular case of the little Allahbad Bethels, upon which I raised a special claim, I was certainly a volunteer. It may have been so. The protracted silence of the relatives of two very young orphan creatures gave scope and leisure for anxiety upon their account to any one who chose to take interest in them. I had undertaken to communicate to their uncle, Mr. Bethel, then at Baden, the death of his brother in India. This event had been followed, in a few days, by that of Captain Bethel's widow; and the children, through the kindness of friends in the regiment of their father, had been sent to England by a private subscription. They were now on the high seas, *consigned* to the care of their late father's agent in London, Mr. James Taylor. The gist of my epistle was:—"Rich and powerful elder brother, what is to be done with your younger brother's orphan children? You are head of the house; its fortunes have devolved to you in consequence of your rights of birth; but you have the feelings of a Christian and a brother, and the principles of an honorable man. You know your duty."—It was a well-worded epistle enough; but having been three times read and admired, and having received the praises of my sister Anne, I had the discretion to burn it, notwithstanding; and to adopt, with slight alteration, that concocted officially by my brother's clerk, George Roberts, which con-

tained only the needful. I was aware of being upon ticklish ground with Mr. Bethel.

While he was pondering our information at Baden, the Indiaman, by which the little orphans were coming home, was encountering heavy gales in the channel; and, though not absolutely wrecked, the vessel was so much damaged, that it was found necessary to lighten her, as she lay off Margate. As many of the passengers as could get off in the pilot boats had landed; and the captain and subordinate officers, too much occupied by their onerous and responsible duties, had sent their little passengers to a hotel in Margate, together with their *Ayah*, or Hindoo nurse-maid; and, by a hasty note, informed my brother that they must immediately be taken away! Ay, taken away! But whither? Baden was mute; and the Rectory of Stockham-Magna gave no sign. In it resided another family of Bethels—"more than kin and less than kind."

"No independent provision for the poor little things at all!" sighed my ever good-hearted, indulgent sister-in-law. "But military men can now save so little in India, with reduced allowances and increased expenses."

"I shall never forgive Tom Bethel, though, for not ensuring his life," said my brother. "I urged him to it before he embarked, five years ago. Were it but a thousand pounds, it might have educated the boy at some cheap Yorkshire school; and surely the friends will take the little girl!"

"The *friends*!" I repeated; for this name for the aggregate Bethels of the hall and the rectory sounded at this time oddly to me, in relation to the children at Margate. But they must be taken away; and I was upon the road in the next hour.

The Bethels of —shire were one of those stanch, far-descended families of wealthy English commoners, who, from pride of birth and Jacobite politics, had disdained to veil a name so long distinguished in county annals under a modern title. They had even shunned the alliance of new-made nobility. But they had been much less successful in warding off the inroads of modern habits of expense. Notwithstanding their large estates, their church livings, and their West India property, the Bethels had been a struggling family for two generations; and, in the third, this began to be severely felt. It had been a family custom—existing from the reign of Henry VIII., which had brought the Bethels a liberal share of the general "spoliation" of that period—to reserve the best of the *family*-livings for the younger sons of the *family*—the second son being, in general, preferred. But, in the last generation, my gay acquaintance, Tom Bethel, between admiration of a dragoon uniform and saddle, and some compunctious doubts about his own vocation to the church, had committed the indiscretion—as his college friends called it—of allowing the third brother, John, to take orders, and step into the living of Stockham-Magna, which, of itself, was worth above a £1200 a-year.

"Indiscretion," and "great indiscretion," were the phrases of Tom's mother and sisters, with whom his fine temper and handsome person made him a favorite. This act was afterwards called in the family, "Tom's generosity;" for John, though much more cautious, had imprudently married a young woman of birth equal to his own, with exactly nothing between them, save the hopes

derived from Tom's vocation to glory. In due time, the Reverend John, who, his mother soon discovered, had a decided call, settled soberly down in the rectory; gave up fox-hunting, to which, as a —shireman, he had been born; exchanged the trifle of chicken-hazard, into which he had been seduced by his elder brother's fashionable guests, for a quiet, earnest rubber of whist, with a few pleasant neighbors; and, had the family interest been as good as in the reign of the Charleses, bade as fair to die a bishop as any preceding Bethel of the stock.

The Dowager Mrs. Bethel informed those of her Cheltenham correspondents who were of a serious character, that her son, John, was a most exemplary and pious clergyman; and they *reciprocated*, that he was, indeed, an ornament to the Church of England, and one who, by his piety and learning, would adorn the mitre. His sermon at Brighton had made the proper impression in the proper quarter.

When Captain Bethel, about two years after his love-match, visited his relations previous to embarking for India, his young wife, who, though she still thought Tom "divinely handsome" in his dragoon uniform, had also felt the slightest possible pinch of poverty, exclaimed, as they drove from the rectory, "What pity, dear Tom, that you conceived such an aversion to the church!—Stockham-Magna would have been a paradise to us—and so near all our friends!"

"I chose rather to die a general—and to plunder the enemy, instead of fleecing my flock, Frances," returned Lieutenant Bethel. And, with hopes of being a general, he did die a captain. Mrs. Bethel gave a long, lingering, farewell look to that charming place, where she could willingly have left her little girl, the infant Fanny; but, as she told us in passing through London, neither her mother-in-law, the dowager, nor Mrs. John Bethel, had once spoken of her infant, dead as India was to children.

People will die in England as well as in India, even though living in a comfortable rectory, drawing great tithes and small, and in momentary expectation of golden prebends. The family vault was again opened to receive the Rev. Dr. Bethel, shortly after he had followed his mother to that resting-place, and some months before the death of his brother in India. His wife, though she had rashly entered the family, had gained the esteem of its leading members, Mr. Bethel and his lady; and, when she was left a widow with three young children, things were arranged pleasantly for her, by the appointment of the same young cousin to the living, who had preached Dr. Bethel's funeral sermon. She continued to reside at the rectory, as before; and the intimacy between the family at Bethel's Court and that at the parsonage, became more cordial and intimate than it had ever been during the life of the excellent and venerated person, as he was called in the funeral sermon, who had formed the bond of union. It was whispered in the tea and card circles of Wincham—the neighboring market town, a place of great ecclesiastical antiquity, and, until the era of schedule B, of great political consideration—that Mrs. Dr. Bethel had a still deeper concern in the great and small tithes of Stockham-Magna, than arose from her continued residence in the rectory. But this amounted nearly to that ill-defined crime called simony; and the rumor had clearly originated with one or other of the five Misses Roach, sis-

ters of the whilom principal surgeon of Wincham, who, when attending the lady at the hall in a sudden illness, had, as the reward of his skill and assiduity, obtained a half promise of the living for his son and their nephew:—it was, therefore, liable to question, if not to doubt. No one in Wincham would or could believe that Mr. Bethel, with his high-church principles and high gentlemanly feelings, could wink at an arrangement which spared his own purse, by fixing his brother's family upon the new incumbent. It was not to be credited. But, at the same time, it was agreed, on all hands, that Mr. Whitstone, the new rector, was the most generous of cousins, and that Mrs. Dr. Bethel and her children still lived in the same comfort and elegance which they had enjoyed during the life of her husband.

Sales by piecemeal, and mortgages by wholesale, had nearly eaten up the family estates of the Bethels; but Mr. Bethel still derived a very large income from the estates which his lady, also a Bethel, of a younger branch, had brought into the family; though the tenure by which they were held constituted the greatest cross which he and his wife were destined to bear. At her death, without children, they went to yet another branch of this far-spread stock; and Mrs. Bethel had given no heir to the united properties. The want of children, in a great and ancient family, like that of the Bethels, is always a subject of infinite interest to the kindred, and of concernment to the whole neighborhood. In ordinary circumstances, Mrs. Dr. Bethel, of the Rectory, might have submitted to the will of Heaven, under a misfortune which brought her own son next in succession; after "Tom's boy in India," indeed—but a child there was hardly worth reckoning upon. As the family stood, however, she would far rather that a cousin-german of her daughters' should be at the head of this fine property, than that it should pass away to a lad in the north, whom no one knew anything about. Her sincere sympathy in the family affliction of Bethel's court, had advanced her in favor there; but it was her aversion to the unknown heir presumptive, sometimes laughingly insinuated, and at other times seriously betrayed, as if by accident, when prudence and good-breeding were conquered by strong feeling, that confirmed her influence at the hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Bethel, still a fashionable, but not now a gay couple, had lived a good deal on the continent for several years; during which period, their clever sister-in-law was their confidant and manager in all domestic affairs. It was, therefore, to her that Mr. Bethel wrote, upon receipt of my brother's letter, regarding the disposal of the orphan children. We were afterwards told that he was much affected by the death of his only remaining brother, whom he had always loved better than the Rev. John; and that, in the first impulse of tenderness, he proposed to take the children home; but his lady prudently referred to her sister-in-law.

In the mean time, I reached Margate without any remarkable adventures. These are, indeed, become as rare in England as the wild boar or the wolf.

What a pretty image is that of Campbell!—

Led by his dusky guide,
Like Morning brought by Night.

I prevented it being literally realized to me; for I ran up stairs to the parlor, where the fair little

people whom I sought, sat upon the carpet, in the lap of their dusky guide—the amusement and delight, with their strange speech and pretty voices and ways, of all the chamber-maids and waiters of the establishment. The little English speech among the three was possessed by the lovely fairy creature afterwards known among us as “Little Fanny Bethel.” She was, at this time, not more than six years old, small and delicate of her age; and with the tender pale-rose tint of children who have been born, or who have spent their childhood in India. She started up on my approach, advanced a step, and then timidly hung back, raising her mild and intelligent gray eyes with a look of doubt and deprecation. I was more struck with the remarkable expression of the countenance of the little maiden than with the loveliness of her features, and the flood of silky fair hair, which contrasted so singularly with the bronzed complexion and dark eyes of the squat attendant upon whose shoulder she shrunk back. Her heart, revealed through her eyes, gave out meanings which it was impossible that she could herself have apprehended. Her feminine instincts, child as she was, had far outstripped her understanding; and she looked at me with a perplexed consciousness that her fate was in my hands—that she was a friendless orphan among strangers. Happy confidence—or be it credulity, still thrice blest credulity of childhood, which throws itself, in boundless trust, into the bosom of whatever approaches it wearing the smiling semblance of kindness! Little Fanny’s brow and eyes cleared and brightened at my frank accost, and she voluntarily continued to hold by the hand which she had kissed in a pretty fashion of her own. Poor little thing! my heart already yearned over her; her kiss was more loving than a lover’s.

In a very few seconds, nothing seemed to affect Fanny, save a feeling of sisterly responsibility for the manners and bearing of her little brother, in whose behalf she wished to bespeak my kindness, while she introduced him to me.

Tom, who, from the lap of his nurse, had been anxiously eyeing the visiter, was a bold, resolute-looking urchin, with a square and very broad forehead, which he knitted into a most martial frown, when I attempted to take the hand that he clenched and drew back. Master Tom’s attitudes were as valiant in defiance as his sister’s had been gentle in deprecation; but, as I am not apt to fall in love with strangers at first sight myself—nor fond of your very evil and demonstrative people—I winked at Tom’s repulse, and wisely forebore pressing my attentions until they might be more welcome. I was already amused by the little maiden, who, with a look of indescribable childish blandishment, whispered in Hindostanee, and caressed the little fellow, as if coaxing him not to throw away his friend in foolish passion, until Master Tom laughed out with returning good humor, and looked so much handsomer when showing his white teeth, and a mouth wreathed with smiles and dimples, that I made a second attempt to introduce myself, which again instantly overclouded him, and grieved Fanny.

“Poor Tom is so young—dear little fellow!” she whispered in her liquid infant voice, and in a tone between apology, coaxing, and entreaty, which might have melted a savage. I felt that, if all the world were like myself, the faults of turbulent Tom stood a good chance of being forgiven, were it but for the sake of sweet Fanny. While

this passed, the *Ayah* was gesticulating even to sputtering, and addressing me in those shrill tones, which, had I not been well accustomed to overhear the colloquies of my fair neighbor, Mrs. Plunkett, the Irish orange-woman—a title, by the way, this of *Orange-woman*, Peg has, of late, mightily resented—I should have imagined arrant scolding; especially as, in the course of her appeal, her dark eyes continually flashed from me to the children, and shot out lurid fire. So far, however, as Fanny could interpret Hindostanee, the discourse of the *Ayah* was the very reverse of hostile. It was compassionate and complimentary of herself—a daughter of Brahma—upon her sacrifices for the sake of the children, and her exceeding condescension in coming into contact with a vile, degraded, and filthy hog-eating race of Europeans.

By the kindness of the landlady, I procured some warm clothing for the half-naked children; and we set out for London, to which I intended to return by Chatham, that Mrs. Walpole, and my friend Governor Fox, might see their old friend Tom Bethel’s children. If I was not legacy-hunting, I was friend-seeking for my pretty charge. The *Ayah* sat in the bottom of the carriage, by her own request; and Fanny keeping constant possession of my hand, looked from one window, while Tom hallooed from another, as we bowled through the rich meadows and farmy fields of the Isle of Thanet, as light-hearted and happy, as if the fondest parents and the most genial home were awaiting us at our journey’s end.

Tom, by this time, did me the honor to suppose I could play the *tom-tom* very well, and to command a specimen of my powers when we should get home; and with his sister’s aid as interpreter, he communicated many things very interesting to himself, which had taken place at Allahbad, or upon the voyage. Without anything approaching the grace, sweetness, and infant fascination of little Fanny, Master Tom was a manly and intelligent child; and, as the brother and sister, having sung a Hindostanee air and said their prayers, fell asleep in my arms, worn out by their own vivacity, I could not help philosophizing upon the state of society, or rather of factitious feeling, which made a horse, a picture, or a necklace, any mark of conventional distinction—yea, the merest trifle, be considered so important by their high-born relations—and those lovely and engaging creatures, gifted with such admirable powers and wonderful faculties, be considered a burden and a plague. There is nothing of so little real value, save for a few years to the original owners, as those small germs of the lords of the creation. The value of every other commodity is better maintained in polished society, than what is surely, in mistake, called the noblest and most valuable of all. Had Tom and Fanny been a brace of spaniels, or cockers of the King Charles or Marlborough breed, how much easier would it have been to dispose of them.

Governor Fox kept us a day, and treated us with the utmost kindness and hospitality. Black Sam whose amusing tricks probably reminded Tom of his Indian *bearer*, ingratiated himself with the *Ayah* and the children; and the Governor yielded so far to the infantine fascination of little Fanny, as to present her with a lapful of his favorite African curiosities; while he privately assured me, that, if Madam Bethel and the rest failed to do the handsome thing by Tom’s babies, why then he was a bachelor without chick or

child, and he would show them Northamptonshire! This he again solemnly repeated as he put us into the coach for London; and I was not disposed to forget it; for the governor was none of your smooth-lipped professing persons. His word was his bond—and it carried interest, too.

The orphans were received with genuine motherly kindness by my sister Anne, to whom Tom at once gave that place in his affections and confidence which it had taken me three days to acquire. Even yet he admitted of no personal contact, but returned a salute as often with a blow as a caress. The first trial of the children in London, was parting with their dark nurse, for whom we found an opportunity of returning home with a family going out to India. It was Tom's boast that he cried first when *Moomiee* sailed away home; but it is certain that Fanny cried longest. The quick sensibility of this child was less remarkable than the tenacity of her grief, which broke out afresh when thus reminded of the loss of "poor mamma," by the absence of Moomiee. Time, the gracious balm-shedder, usually does his work of healing rapidly with patients under seven years of age—but it was not altogether so with Fanny Bethel; and Tom's perverseness was almost welcome to us as a diversion of her sorrow. Yet Tom's rebellion scarcely deserves so hard a name. Accustomed to a train of Indian attendants anticipating every wish, studying every glance, and following every movement like silent shadows, Master Tom, in a London nursery, felt like a deposed prince, and was quite as ready to play the tyrant when an occasion offered. The turbulence, caprice, and open rebellion in which he had been encouraged by the Ayah, had threatened to subvert the mild despotism of Mrs. Gifford, my sister's confidential nurse, who, for eighteen years, had been as supreme above stairs, in her legitimate territory, as was my brother's will in the parlor, or his wife's pleasure in the drawing-room. Master Tom had, in a rage, torn her best lace cap, threatened to throw her shawl on the fire, and kicked her shins. The free-born spirit of an English nurse could not brook such treatment. "Did Master Tom fancy she was one of his black nigger slaves?" So, if he kicked, she cuffed; while poor little Fanny was the deepest, if not the only sufferer of the three. What was sport to Gifford and Tom, was to her death. Soothing down Tom's passion, pleading and apologizing to Gifford, and weeping, while, like the Sabine women, she threw herself into the strife, little Fanny would clasp her brother and address the nurse, whispering, in that voice which no one could resist—"Poor Tom is so voice, dear little fellow—and he has no mamma now to make him good." It was then the subdued Gifford's turn to apologize; while Tom himself would volunteer a fraternal kiss, as if already manfully conscious that the slightest atonement, on his part, ought to be thankfully received by Fanny. This is a lesson which little brothers learn with astonishing facility, even when it is not directly taught, and sometimes when the very reverse is apparently inculcated.

"Gentle and easy to be entreated," Fanny appeared the obliged party upon all such occasions of general reconciliation; for, to her sweet nature sullenness or unkindness was the bitterest form of suffering. To live surrounded with cold hearts and scowling or averted eyes, was blighting and misery. In the few weeks the children remained with us, Fanny endeared herself to our whole

circle; nor did Tom want friends and admirers, who were willing to place his faults to an Indian education. Along with little Fanny's singular sweetness of nature, was the fascination of her ever-wakeful and watchful affection for her little brother. She already seemed his unconscious guardian angel, whose salutary influence over his wayward moods was daily upon the increase. Though Tom, in his violent fits, would meet a sugar plum, a sugared promise, or a menace, alike with a blow, he would look serious and try to command himself, when he perceived how much he afflicted Fanny.

While the children were displaying their natural characters in such childish ways, Mrs. Dr. Bethel was making her calculations at Stockham-Magna; the result of which was, offering to take charge of Fanny, and to educate her along with her own two daughters. But, for the boy! "She was indeed at a loss what to do with her own son—women were so inadequate to training boys even in their infant years."

It was not unreasonable to imagine that Mr. Bethel would charge himself with the education of both his nephews; and it is certainly easier to receive a little girl into a family where there are already girls, than to maintain a youth at school and college. In the following week, I escorted the children and my sister, who made a long-promised visit, to Stockham-Magna. We had a charming excursion. It was now near midsummer—the pride of the year in the pastoral and woodland country we traversed. And then the Rectory of Stockham-Magna itself! I had never seen so picturesque, so natural, so perfectly English a resting-place for the musings of divine philosophy—for dignified intellectual repose and calm meditation. Neither the district nor the particular spot boasted any bold original feature of scenery. A grassy vale, or, as probably, a rushy one, a stream, and a few knolls and slight inequalities of surface, formed the groundwork from which this abode of learned leisure and pastoral care had been fashioned out centuries before, and gradually moulded into its present beauty. Episcopalian superintendence had preserved and perfected what Popish taste had projected and so far completed; and Time, with his ripening and mellowing touches, had harmonized the whole.

The buildings were of what is called the Elizabethan age—a phrase which I defy any man to define; though, popularly, it is very well understood in its application to whatever form of dwelling, be it manor-house, farm-house, or parsonage, that is irregular and antique, graced with tall clustered chimney stacks, quaint windows, and an infinity of intricate adjuncts, forming a picturesque whole. But, if those arched and lancet windows and doorways, glancing from the rich sylvan garniture of ivy and trailing plants, like the bright face of a young beauty half veiled by her dishevelled ringlets, were of the happy age of Elizabeth—for I hold them of much older date—surely those magnificent trees were of more ancient growth. Both looked as if they had flourished in undisturbed tranquillity for centuries. The old walnut trees, of prodigious size, which stood near the house, were probably finer specimens of their kind than those avenues of beeches leading to the "willow brook" and piece of water, (beyond the massy garden walls,) in which the swans, at this hour, appeared floating as in an inverted sky, or as if nestling among the trembling shadows of the

bordering trees. And everything was so trim, and in such high yet easy and enjoying habitable order—there was such entire freedom, with unobtrusive neatness.

My pretty companions were enchanted, as I imagined, with the first view of their future home; but I subsequently discovered that the small delicate spaniel and the greyhound had attracted my friend Tom's regard, while Fanny rejoiced in those troops of doves that, on the roof of the porch and at every "coigne of vantage," were cooing, in drowsy murmurs, as they luxuriously basked in the sun. Truly some small portion of that part of the national wealth called the great tithes of Stockham-Magna, could hardly be better expended than in preserving the beauty and order of this ecclesiastical abode, had it been no more than as a picture and ornament to the neighborhood. Dear, good, and haply honest and enlightened church reformer, whosoever your zeal may carry the besom and direct the ploughshare, do, in the name of natural taste and gentle antiquity, spare me the Rectory of Stockham-Magna! By the memory of the hundreds of solemn festivals and holiday tides, and of the wakes and processions which it has witnessed—by the ever fresh beauty of that terraced garden—by those clipt monster yews, and that box-hedge, broad and high as the walls of ancient Babylon, the wonder and pride of the county—by that quaintly-carved, heavy dial, with its rich and cumbrous masonry:—by all this, and by the mightier conjuration of the memory of good men's feasts, and of those social charities which, long gathering in a hundredfold, dispensed at the rate of ten or five—spare me this one cosie nest of the life called holy and the leisure named learned;—this pleasant land of drowsyhead, where a succession of mild, gentlemanly persons for generations lived a tranquil, elegant, semi-sensual life, undisturbed by Methodists, Ranters, Radical prints, and the Schoolmaster:—spare me but this one memorial of the times when as yet the reverential peasantry had not surmised, that warmer affection for their pigs and corn-sheaves emanated from the Rectory, than for either the comfort of their bodies or the care of their souls.

The appearance of a lady's cap, at one of the embowered lower windows, must have recalled the wandering attention of little Fanny, and the noise of the chaise-wheels on the instant brought all the Bethels of Stockham-Magna to the porch, to welcome the orphans of Allahbad. "Oh, Tom, do be a good boy!" whispered Fanny, kissing him, as she anxiously adjusted his shirt frill, and shaded back his hair, while the carriage drew up.

"Aunt Bethel" performed her part very well. She received the orphans in her maternal arms with good and graceful effect; spoke not too much; and, while she gave her hand to my sister, suppressed the starting tears. Fanny pressed her lips to the lady's hand in her own sweet fashion; and, alarmed at Tom's sturdy backwardness, whispered, in her pretty imperfect English, her wonted apologetic—"Tom is so young, poor little fellow!—and he has no mamma now to make him good." Every one was melted. Her two cousins, Harriet and Fanny, affectionately kissed "Allahbad Fanny," and shook hands, almost in spite of him, with Tom, whom their brother Henry soon carried off on some boyish quest—Fanny's eyes anxiously following them, as if she were afraid that her turbulent charge might, in some way, compromise himself with these new friends, even in the first hour.

The ladies were now engaged in conversation; and it was from me, to whom she sidled up, that Fanny entreated leave to follow "poor Tom." The leave was instantly granted by Mrs. Bethel; and the children, in the glow of novelty, went out in a group. It was now that my sister eloquently expatiated upon the sweet disposition and affectionate nature of little Fanny, her gentle docility, and remarkable attachment to her little brother. "Poor little creatures! they love each other the better for having nothing else to love!" was her concluding observation, while tears glistened in her eyes. My good sister, perhaps, showed more tenderness than discretion, in thus addressing the future patroness of Fanny; but that lady, a rigid and zealous worshipper of all the family of the Decorums and Proprieties, performed her part to admiration—neither overdoing, nor yet falling short of what ought to be expected from her, or was due to position and circumstances.

Our stay, which was to have been for a fortnight, was with difficulty prolonged to a week. My sister, upon hearing that some of her children had colds, affected fully as much home-sickness as she really felt; for the studious observance of every right of hospitality, and the most scrupulous politeness, did not compensate for a certain feeling of restraint, a lack of that frank, social, cordiality which it is much easier to understand than to explain. Our mutual sympathy on these points, and our affection for the orphan children, made us both sedulous though tacit observers of the characters of those among whom they were thrown.

In the disputes which early arose between the boys, though Mrs. Dr. Bethel, like a female Brutus, gave judgment against her own son, on consideration of Tom being a spoilt child, of little more than half his age, it was easy to see to which side her heart inclined. Then Tom, with his tricks and wilfulness, kept her in a state of perpetual nervous apprehension. He was forever in perils or scrapes, and seducing his cousins into like adventures. Nature had stamped him a bold, resolute, daring imp; and his five months' voyage had confirmed the tendency. Now he was tumbling into the pond; now embarking in tubs on voyages of discovery; next plunging into the dog-kennel, or running among the horses' feet; and encouraging Henry to climb the walnut trees, up into which the unbreeched urchin would leap like a squirrel, laughing at the screams and remonstrances of nurse-maids and cousins.

But Fanny was naturally as tractable as Tom was rebellious. It was astonishing how soon she learned, as if by instinct, that she was to have no will, no property, no pleasure, that was not at the sufferance and mercy of her cousins; because her name-sake, Frances, was "such a child," and Harriet's health "was so delicate." It was equally astonishing how quickly Tom, as if by a similar instinct, constituted himself her champion, and did battle for her rights, in the nursery or the garden, in spite of herself, and long before he understood the language of those around him who were invading them.

Among the toys which Fanny had brought from London, was a Dutch milkwoman in complete costume, which Harriet, who loved everything that was novel, and admired whatever was not her own, appropriated without much ceremony; and which Tom reclaimed with even less. In the struggle, the Dutch lady was denuded, and Harriet, who was at the age when children shed their

teeth, lost one of hers in the fray, and was brought bleeding into the drawing-room, followed by a maid dragging in the sturdy culprit, accompanied by the weeping Fanny. One might have excused a mother for being at first alarmed and offended, though the criminal was almost an infant; but what came out, in the course of investigation, ought to have produced a more impartial judgment and a mitigated punishment.

But Harriet's tooth was gone, and it had been followed by a few drops of blood and torrents of vengeful tears; and she protested that she did not mean to keep the Frau Jansen—the Dutchwoman, the unlucky Helen of this new Trojan war—but only for a day or so, to look at her. Tom was summarily adjudged to solitary confinement in the housemaid's broom-closet, on the attic floor, and was led off, persisting in dogged silence, while Fanny sobbed as if her little heart would burst. From that hour, open hostilities were proclaimed between Tom and the family, which never again ceased for many years, save during some temporary, and always hollow truce.

When I left the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner, on the day of Tom's punishment, I sought the children in the wilderness, where they generally went, with their attendant, at this sultry hour: but no Fanny was there.

"She is naughty, too," said her little namesake, tossing her head with the air of a small woman and a thorough family partisan. I followed up the adventure by seeking out my little friend. She was sitting on the garret stairs, at the door of Tom's prison, whispering to him through the key-hole. The sight of a sympathizing friend—for nature had already told her that I was one—made Fanny's tears flow afresh, and she began to sob out her little apology, as senseless, perhaps, as the reiterated wail of a lapwing, but as plaintive—"Poor Tom is so young, poor little fellow," &c. &c. I played the discreet part for once, and led her to her aunt. Tom was released, on our joint pleading—an amnesty was proclaimed—and Frau Jansen, like one of the wantonly-sacrificed minor powers at a general pacification, was made a bonfire of.

We left the Rectory next morning, Fanny weeping abundantly to part with us, while Tom would have been well contented to return to London, which he proposed to do, had his sister not been condemned to remain behind him. I have seldom seen my sister Anne more affected, than when we fairly got out of sight, and when she first gave unrestrained way to her feelings—a tender mother's foreboding feelings for orphan children!

That dear little Fanny!—how perilous to a creature situated like her, were those gifts which nature had so lavishly bestowed—that tenderness and quick sensibility to which the contact of the cold and the selfish must bring either blighting or perversion!

Turbulent and rebellious as Master Tom continued to be—a care and often a grief to his sister—I believe he was her greatest blessing too; for, with all his faults, he sincerely loved her, and he was one being on whom her affectionate feelings could expand themselves unchecked. No one, I believe, brings into this world a heart like Fanny's, without finding something to love, even in the very worst circumstances: but Fanny found so much to love in every one with whom she came in contact, until Tom, as he grew up, began to despise the affection she bore to many persons whom he hated,

as girlish *poltroonery*, or almost meanness; and he even charged her with hypocrisy in her attachment to an aunt who had not been too kind, and to cousins not too gentle. But Tom durst not persist in an accusation to which his heart gave the lie as strongly as did Fanny's silent tears.

Tom had been early sent off to school with his cousin Henry; and when the returning holidays brought the boys to the Rectory, the Allahbad Bethels, in again meeting each other, were almost as happy as the children gathered beneath the wing of their mother. Then came a full interchange of hearts and confidence, as with intertwined arms the orphans wandered away together through the woods and dells of Bethel's court, which converged on the narrow grounds of the Rectory. Tom was more and more astonished, and almost angry, in every succeeding year, while he was below fifteen, that Fanny had so little or rather nothing to complain of—no quarrel that he could adopt—no enemy on which his prowess might revenge her.

In all this time, I had never seen Fanny Bethel nor her brother, though I had occasionally corresponded with both. Indeed, I believe that I was for some years Fanny's only correspondent; and, as my epistles always accompanied my sister's well-executed town commissions, and presents of toys and books for the Rectory children, they were probably tolerated, if not welcome.

For the first six years after I had seen her, Fanny partook of the instructions of the governess Mrs. Bethel had engaged for her own daughters; and, blessed with a humble, loving nature, meekness and submissiveness cost her less effort than any other creature I ever knew—and I believe that her childhood was not unhappy. But a more critical age was arriving, and Providence was silently opening up new resources to the orphan girl.

"The sisters of Mr. Whitstone, the rector of Stockham-Magna, had, some years after the arrival of the Allahbad Bethels, settled in the neighboring town of Wincham, to be near their brother, who, though his nominal residence was the Rectory, oftener lived with them. These respectable old maiden ladies, the daughters of a deceased clergyman, were, of course, as near in degree of kindred to Mrs. Dr. Bethel as was their brother, though she never seemed to know this. The younger, Miss Rebecca Whitstone—though younger was here but a relative term, for she was almost fifty—was merely a good, plain, useful, and active person, sincerely devoted to her brother and her eldest sister, Miss Hannah, who had obtained over her the influence which a strong mind is said to hold over a feeble one within its range. The latter lady had been an invalid from a very early age, in consequence of a fall from horseback; and, to afford occupation and exercise to an uncommonly active intellect, she had afterwards received from her father what is termed a learned education, which, however, had none of the effects that learning is said to produce upon female minds. She did read the classics in the originals—for that was her solace as she lay the livelong day upon the couch to which her helpless lameness confined her; and she studied the sciences; and in astronomy, in particular, was believed, even by her brother's old college companions, to have made astonishing progress; and not "for a woman:"—that mortifying qualification was, in her case, withheld. Simply, she had made astonishing progress and even discoveries, in sci-

ence. With all this deep learning, and a taste for refined literature, Miss Whitstone was a woman of magnanimous feelings and high principles; pleasant, kind, and social in her manners: tinctured with high-souled romance, and yet not above her surrounding world of Wincham. She also possessed a flexible vein of humor, which had made her conversation exceedingly captivating to young and old, before her acquirements had risen in judgment against her; and Miss Whitstone's invalid chamber came in time to be, after a certain hour of the morning, the levee-room of the privileged talent and modest worth of Wincham. It was the rallying point of its best, if not its finest society; though, this being a small town where no one was liable to be compromised, the very finest—yea, even stray specimens of the "county people"—were among Miss Whitstone's occasional visitors. It was even said that matches had been, if not made, yet certainly helped on, around her invalid chair; though the parties were not of such consideration as to make Mrs. Dr. Bethel desirous (now that Harriet was twenty, and her own Fanny seventeen) that her daughters should often appear among the learned lady's bonny *blue belles*.

If there be such a thing as sympathetic attachment—and I am sure there are spontaneous feelings which are quite equivalent to it—such had grown up between the invalid Miss Whitstone and the orphan Fanny. The rector himself came, in time, to partake of an affection so warmly felt by his favorite sister; and the notable Miss Rebecca, moved by these considerations, and the gentleness and good looks of the child, early and kindly began, characteristically, to attend to little omissions and flaws in gloves and ribbons, and shoes and stockings, which a mother's eye prevented from appearing in her cousins. During a year that those young ladies were sent to a first-rate finishing seminary near London, Fanny, who had often spent happy days, weeks, and months, with the poor Miss Whitstones, lived with them altogether, to enjoy the advantage of such masters as chance and the London holidays relieved, by changing the scene of their professional fagging, from a very great town to a very small one.

One of these was a drawing-master whom I had introduced by letter to the Miss Whitstones. It was certainly a misfortune—but, in this locality, no ineradicable blot—that the rector's sisters, for a certain part of the year, let their first floor to such respectable lodgers, as being single men—and certainly *gentlemen*—were well recommended to them. Mr. Edmund, the gentleman I had recommended, was a painter, and a gifted one, as was proved by the beautiful contents of his portfolio, and a few finished cabinet specimens which he carried down; but he seemed to receive little or no encouragement in Wincham to open classes for teaching his art; and he spent his time, either in reading or rambling about the surrounding country, of which one of the most attractive spots, to an artist, was the beautiful park of Bethel's court. Miss Rebecca was concerned that a lodger so regular in all his habits, so gentlemanlike in his manners, so nice in his linen, and so punctual with his bills, should find no pupils; and Miss Whitstone, stretched upon her invalid couch, was doubly vexed, first, because it must be annoying to a man whose business is to teach drawing, to have no one to teach; and secondly, that she could not afford to engage his services wholly for Fanny,

and thus an opportunity might be lost such as was never likely to recur—for when would so masterly an artist again appear in Wincham? Besides, Fanny had a decided genius for painting. Miss Whitstone had, indeed, a knack of discovering natural genius for everything high and amiable in Fanny. Her first delightful discovery had been Fanny's exceeding *genius* for loving, and especially for loving her brother Tom; while to Fanny, Miss Whitstone's earliest, and still dearest charm, was discovering good qualities in "Poor Tom," even in his perverse early boyhood; which no one else would allow. "Give a dog an ill name and hang him," says the proverb; and the converse holds as strongly. Miss Whitstone was ever anxious to find out, and place in the proper light, young Bethel's good qualities; and they germinated and expanded in the warmth of her generous culture and encouragement, while others could only perceive the ill weeds waxing apace. Fanny, who had, for several years, been her amanuensis, never performed that duty with more good will, than when Miss Whitstone wrote to Eton to Tom, sending him those affectionate counsels which his respect for her made effectual for the moment, and which, in tenderness, only a mother could have exceeded; and those directions for his subordinate studies which few mothers have the power of giving, and not many fathers.

From the time that he had, at three years' old, traversed so much of the wide ocean, Tom's decided vocation had been the sea. This would seem almost an instinct with some boys, as if implanted by nature to facilitate the intercourse and promote the civilization and happiness of mankind; and Tom Bethel was of the predestined salt-water number. But this uncle, who had never yet seen him, had decided that Tom, the would-be sailor, should be Thomas the forced divine; and the boy had no choice save submission or running away to sea, which he would willingly have done at every school vacation, save for Fanny's sake; but, as Tom advanced nearer the years of discretion, he began to think better of a mode of life which, as soon as he got through the university, and one of the family livings fell vacant, opened a home to that gentle sister. He would even have submitted to the death of Mr. Whitstone as soon as he had obtained orders himself, and have felt no remorse at depriving his aunt of her alleged simoniacal share of the great tithes; because he squared this want of affection to his own conscience, by arranging that Miss Whitstone and Miss Rebecca could then live with Fanny and himself at the Rectory, like gentlemen; and give up letting first-floors to itinerant painters and drawing-masters. Tom, as a male branch of the house of Bethel, though one of the barest, had not been for seven years at a public school, without acquiring ideas of family consequence and of *style* quite beyond those of his sister; though, on some points, they were qualified by generous exceptions for plebeian friends.

In the first season of Mr. Edmund appearing at Wincham as a portrait-painter without sitters, and a drawing-master without pupils, he had been tolerated by the lively Eton lad, in consideration of Miss Whitstone's esteem, what Tom reckoned his unobtrusive modesty, and the quiet refinement of his manners; but, in the second summer, when Tom found him almost domesticated in the family parlor, and the companion of Fanny in sketching-practice excursions round the country, the young

gentlemen—and he was not quite sixteen—took an affair in dudgeon, which had already been seriously discussed in Miss Collins the milliner's back-shop, by her best customers, and at more than one tea-table of the town. Now, in Wincham, Allahbad Fanny was a general and a great favorite; which was the more remarkable, as she had never courted popularity, and was in no condition either to grace with her favor, or patronize by her interest. Howsoever it may fare with other country towns, I can assure my readers that a young lady who enjoyed the united suffrages of Wincham, was in circumstances as rare as enviable. And even now there was censure; but Miss Whitstone, with her learning and her odd ways, was more blamed than Fanny Bethel, for those rural outbreaks which were held a gross and daring innovation on all the ruled proprieties of this community. That the curate's orphan daughter, Patty, whom her aunt, Miss Collins, was educating for a governess, shared in Fanny's lessons, and generally in her sketching excursions, was a shallow blind, at which they and Tom Bethel laughed outright, the latter angrily.

As for Miss Whitstone sanctioning this kind of intercourse—learned, clever, and excellent woman, as she undoubtedly was—how, as Tom justly thought, was any provincial elderly lady, such as she, to know the world and mankind like an Eton scholar! As the natural protector of his sister, it was become Tom's duty to interfere, and to assume a part which female guardians and friends had so obviously neglected. No time was to be lost. But how was Tom to scold Fanny—that dear, kind, generous, and most disinterested creature, whom every one loved—yes! even worldly Aunt Bethel—who, from infancy had had no hope, no joy, no being save in him! No! Tom could not scold, nor even remonstrate; but he heartily abused both the Mesdames Bethel, who so improperly deserted their duty to their orphan niece; and then playfully, or at least in a way Tom meant to be playful, he rallied Fanny first upon her intimacy with all the vulgar spinsters and dowagers of Wincham, and next upon her new passion for sketching from nature. Fanny's blushes and evident distress stopped the current of Tom's wit, and quickened his fears; and now he reminded her, still with affected pleasantry, (for Tom was very sly,) of her birth as a Bethel, beggar Bethel as, in the mean while, she was; and of the matrimonial distinctions her eminent personal advantages and family connexions entitled her to look for, were she only placed where she ought to be, and thus seen, admired, and courted by the noble, the wealthy, and the honorable. Fanny laughed now, and Tom was displeased. There was implied ridicule of his judgment and knowledge of life, in the tone of her laughter; and these were points on which Tom was at this time very susceptible; yet he would have forgiven this in consideration of her secluded education, and innate modesty and humility of character, save for the many cross accidents that were arising to mar her splendid fortunes. Her cousins had lately returned from their finishing school, and lengthened visits to fashionable friends and relatives; with much of that high-toned air, that *manner* and *style*, so captivating to Tom and his brother Etonians; and in which Fanny, retiring, shy, sensitive, was still so lamentably deficient. That his own sister, "Little Fanny," as she continued to be named, long after

her graceful pliant figure overtopped all the females of her family, was beyond comparison a lovelier, and far more *loveable* girl, than either the cold, stately, fashionable-looking Harriet, or the vivacious, pretty, petulant Fan, he was most reluctant to doubt; but then, schoolboys imagining themselves youths, and college-lads fancying themselves men, had admired the thorough-bred air and style of the Rectory Bethels, at a music meeting, and had altogether passed over Allahbad Fanny, who had been left to the attentions of Mr. Edmund her drawing-master, and a little good-natured notice from her cousin Henry, who had always been kind to her. Now, the above were immutable authorities with Tom in all questions of taste. It is true, Henry Bethel, who was also becoming a judge of ladies, wines, and horses, and who, moreover, was now of Christ Church, made some atonement, by declaring, after a couple of bottles of wine, that, though his sister Harriet was certainly a showy, dashing girl, and Frances a pretty creature enough, neither were to be compared in a summer's day with little Allahbad Fanny; and he concluded by wishing that he were a rich man for her sake—though his mother must not hear of this. Tom, both gratified and resentful, was compelled to gulp as much of this declaration as his pride could not swallow; and now he fancied he had found a cue to Mrs. Dr. Bethel giving up so much of her niece's society to "poor cousin Whitstone, to whom little Fanny was always such a comfort." It is probable that Mrs. Bethel had not very overwhelming fears of immediate danger from a constant domestic intercourse between her niece and her son—still, it was prudent to be guarded. Her daughters were now to be introduced into life; and she felt that two marriageable young ladies were quite enough at a time in one family. Two young ladies might be admissible into small social parties, where three could not be thought of. Besides, Mrs. Bethel was prudently doubtful, how far it was proper to give Fanny a taste for gaieties and a condition of life that she had so slender a chance of permanently enjoying. Of her personal attractions she really was not afraid. A mother's vanity had probably blinded her to what to every one else appeared her main reason for rarely producing her niece along with her daughters. The master of the Free Grammar School of Wincham, a *protégé* of Miss Whitstone's and an estimable young man, who had lately obtained the Lectureship of St. Nicolas, was understood to admire Fanny, and only to wait for some better piece of preferment to make his proposal in form; and Mr. Edmund, the artist, also a highly respectable young man, with remarkable talents, and one, who, if properly introduced and pushed in London in the portrait line, could not fail to realize a handsome income, and probably to keep a carriage, was believed to be deeply attached to his pupil; though Fanny herself, when questioned, denied the possibility of this attachment, even with tears. Mr. Edmund, she said, though at first he seemed to like her society, probably for the sake of Miss Whitstone's conversation, and from the love of his art, to which Fanny was for the time enthusiastically devoted, had been silent, distant, and almost studiously cold in his manners to her, particularly of late. He could have no thoughts of her.

"Well, child, there is no use crying about it, at any rate," said the aunt; "but, as I do not, on such grounds, give up my own opinion, I shall

write to-night to Mr. Richard Taylor, inquiring farther about the gentleman." Fanny, horrified by the indelicacy of this proceeding, implored her aunt's forbearance, and protested again and again that Mr. Edmund's attentions to herself had been only those of a friend and amiable instructor, to one whom he considered merely as a child; but she betrayed so much emotion in her denial, that Mrs. Bethel, with one of her discomfiting, keen, worldly, penetrating looks, abruptly turned from her, and went to Miss Whitstone in the next room, whom she bluntly taxed with having suffered Fanny to entangle her affections with this "paragon painter." The accused lady as flatly disclaimed the instrumentality as Fanny herself could have done the deed; but she acknowledged that, if old signs held, Mr. Edmund, into whose praise she launched with animation, did seem, and that, indeed, for successive years he had seemed, to feel a very deep interest in her young friend; and, moreover, that Fanny did not appear indifferent to his opinion of her.

Mrs. Dr. Bethel did not lose a post in inquiring into the character and professional prospects of Mr. Edmund; and I did not keep her an hour in suspense. The character of the gentleman was everything that could render a reasonable and amiable woman—and, above all, one of the quiet, affectionate, and humble character of little Fanny Bethel—perfectly happy. His talents, as an artist, spoke for themselves—they were eminent—but his professional prospects depended entirely upon his own industry and perseverance. The answer was perfectly satisfactory to Mrs. Bethel; and she resolved to have an explanatory communing with Mr. Edmund next day; and wrote to him that, if everything was as she imagined, she would not hesitate to give her sanction to his addresses to her niece, which she had no doubt would be followed by that of the family abroad.

Poor Fanny was in an agony of distress. She would at the moment, have gladly consented never to see Mr. Edmund again in this world; never listen to his delightful conversation with Miss Whitstone; never again enjoy one of their social reading evenings, or one of those charming sketching rambles, in which his conversation was, if possible, still more captivating than at other times—though it was not easy to recall much of it—rather than that he should imagine her the indelicate, forward, unwomanly, vain girl, who had so grossly misconstrued and misrepresented his attentions, that he must now be subjected to the coarse questioning of her relatives.

This was certainly the most wretched day of Fanny Bethel's whole life. Twenty times she began to write to Mr. Edmund, protesting her own innocence, and her horror at the course her aunt had followed; but natural timidity, and the same delicacy of feeling which prompted this bold step, prevented its execution. She applied to Miss Whitstone, who was also become uneasy and perplexed between her young friends, though, upon the whole, pleased with the prospect of an explanation, which, she was assured, would produce satisfactory results.

"But, my dear Fanny," said this lady, with a certain air of benevolent humor—"let me exactly understand what I am to say to Mr. Edmund:—That you are not in love with him!—but that might have been left to my own discretion. Or is it that you do not believe—never did believe—nor ever will believe, that he is in love with you?"

Fanny wept from vexation. "Dear ma'am, I am sure you understand quite well what I mean."

"Indeed, I think I do—but cannot be sure. But here comes Tom, who may help me. Do you know that all the gossips of Wincham are obligingly giving your sister Mr. Edmund as a lover, Tom!"

"And that she disclaims him as such, and the honor altogether," cried Tom, petulantly.

"I do!—I do!" exclaimed Fanny. "Mr. Edmund think of me! Good heavens!—With his fine talents and genius, and thousand, thousand amiable qualities, to think of poor little me!—foolish me, who always feel like a child beside him, and who was never so happy as when, long ago, he treated me as one!"

"Confound your humility, Miss Fanny Bethel!" cried the Etonian. "It is somewhat out of place."

"How was it possible that Fanny could believe any man could admire so disagreeable and plain a little girl as herself?" said Miss Whitstone, laughing. "Yet, even in the case of Mr. Edmund, it is, in my humble judgment, a conquest she may very well be proud of, yet without doubting its absolute possibility."

"Proud, ma'am!" returned the fuming Etonian, only restrained from the violent expression of anger by his deep respect for Miss Whitstone. "Give me leave to say, ma'am, that, though any man—ay, any man in all England—might be proud of gaining the affections of Captain Bethel's daughter—of my sister Fanny, ma'am—I see no occasion for her being overpowered with gratitude for the attentions of any gentleman whatever, even although his birth and station in society entitled him to address her."

Poor Fanny had never in her life felt so self-abased as by this attempt to exalt her; and, almost inarticulately, she implored her brother to say no more on the subject, and gave way to another burst of tears; while Miss Whitstone, frankly extending her hand in amity to Tom, declared that they had come exactly to the same conclusion, though from different premises—"There was, indeed, no man in England, whatever his rank or fortune, who might not be proud of gaining the heart of little Fanny—by her own self, Fanny." Upon this, Tom kissed his sister, and playfully adopting the language of their childhood, promised to be "a good boy, if Fanny would not cry no more."

There was thus the appearance of sunshine after showers, when Fortune, who delights in games of cross purposes, sent Mr. Edmund himself into the apartment, which he entered in some haste. Tom was still hanging over Fanny's chair, and Fanny had been in tears. The painter looked with interest to the brother and sister, and with meaning to Miss Whitstone, as if he required her permission to remain. She invited him to sit down; and Tom, with a sudden assumption of the dignity becoming the presumptive heir of the mortgaged acres of Bethel's Court, drew his sister's arm within his own, and, bowing slightly to Miss Whitstone, said, "I require Miss Bethel's presence in another apartment, ma'am." The lady smiled in mingled pity and amusement; but anxiety for Fanny was predominant over every other feeling, and she was glad when Mr. Edmund very naturally led to the subject, by remarking, with a smile, "Tom Bethel is in his altitudes to-night—but I am sure he loves his sister."

"More than his life—I'll say that for him," returned Miss Whitstone: and a conversation was

begun which Fanny fancied would never end, and during which Tom returned to his present headquarters at the Rectory. When Fanny, after Mr. Edmund had withdrawn, ran in to say good-night to her friend, and, perhaps, to hear all she could hear without the direct inquiry she could not venture to make, Miss Whitstone informed her that Mr. Edmund was suddenly called away, and had left his farewell compliments for her, as he was to set off by the mail at midnight. Poor Fanny! Miss Whitstone was too generous to look at, much less to speak to her. She sent her away to search for a book; and Fanny returned in ten minutes, protesting that she was so thankful Mr. Edmund was to go, as this would disconcert the horrid scheme of her Aunt Bethel.

Next morning, rather earlier than her usual hour, Fanny appeared at the bedside of her friend, looking pale, perhaps, though she seemed almost in flighty spirits, while she craved leave of absence for a morning's ramble in the woods of Bethel's Court, with only Patty Collins.

Before this plan—to which Miss Whitstone consented, with silent, meaning caresses, that drew grateful tears from her favorite—could be put in execution, Mrs. Bethel's carriage drove up to the door, with the whole family of the Rectory. Letters had been received that morning, announcing the death of Mrs. Bethel at Aix-la-Chapelle, an event which changed the whole prospects of the family, to whom her large independent fortune was thus completely lost. And Mr. Bethel might marry again, and Tom and Henry thus be thrown back in the succession to even those poor remnants of the original property, which, meanwhile however, Mrs. Dr. Bethel had a shrewd notion were burdened beyond their yearly revenue.

While despatching notes, receiving condolences, and looking over silks and muslins, crapes and bombazeens, and giving orders for mourning, Mrs. Bethel could yet find time to notice, sarcastically, the precipitate retreat of Mr. Edmund, to whom she had intimated her wish for an interview and explanatory conversation at the Rectory.

"I cannot allow myself to believe that it is indifference to the subject of the intended conversation, which has made Mr. Edmund avoid you at this time, cousin; or anything but the simple reason he has assigned—business. But I may refer to his note for your better information." Miss Whitstone handed the sealed letter, intrusted to her, to the lady to whom it was addressed, and who tore it open without farther ceremony, and rapidly skimmed the contents.

"Well, this is very proper now; and quite well expressed. He does propose for Fanny, or means to do so, as soon as he obtains the consent of her natural guardians. I can answer for Mr. Bethel—and as to myself.—Well, I am pleased at having brought the man to the point. This late heavy loss makes Fanny's marriage, in almost any respectable way, more than ever desirable. Her uncle will now have more than enough to do with himself. My own children are just at the age when the expenses of a family come to be seriously felt. How Tom's clerical education is now to be carried through, I cannot foresee. Perhaps your brother may get him to the university as a sizar—though the sea, to which he seems born, and for which he has so strong an inclination, might be better still."

There was but one reason against oversetting Tom's present views. If Fanny were once fairly

married, and if Tom obtained one of the family livings, there might be a *pis aller* for her youngest daughter. But, at present, she had a first duty to perform, and, snatching a pen, she instantly wrote her full consent and approbation of Mr. Edmund's addresses to her niece, with many well-turned compliments to himself, and phrases of maternal endearment in relation to Fanny. Miss Whitstone, having twice hinted, "Are you not precipitate, cousin, with the death of Mrs. Bethel so recent?" looked silently on, until the letter was folded, when she obtained an answer. "Not a bit too precipitate, cousin. The sooner little Fanny is settled the better. The small—the very small allowance her uncle has hitherto made me for her, must stop with the death of his wife; and this Mr. Edmund says, he must have three or four months to look out for a proper house, and so forth:—even if he be so far fortunate as to obtain the consent of my niece—of which, by the way, I dare say, he fancies himself tolerably certain—and the approbation of her relations—of which I now give him joyful assurance."

"And, in so doing, you make him a happy man, I am persuaded. But there is Tom Bethel to be consulted next—whose ideas of Fanny's deserts are so high and so just."

"Tom Bethel!—a headstrong, foolish boy! No, cousin, we may make Tom a bridesman; but to consult him about his sister's marriage, is entirely out of the question. But here comes Miss Collins. Now, I fancy something very slight and plain may do for Fanny's mourning, as she is so quiet at present with you; and we must save all we can, you know, for the *trousseau*."

Miss Whitstone allowed the lady to have it all her own way; though Tom, in a rage at afterwards finding his sister's mourning for their aunt, scanty, and much inferior in quality to that of his dashing cousins, remonstrated loudly upon that injustice—threw Fanny into a paroxysm of grief by his violence in her cause—and filled the ladies of the Rectory with such indignation that they upbraided him with ingratitude. This Tom denied; accusing Mrs. Bethel, in turn, of having made a *job* of his sister, for whom she had a handsome allowance, and a slave of her for so many years. The polite, politic Mrs. Bethel had never met with anything so provoking in her whole life as this schoolboy affair. It became the talk of all Wincham; and Tom found numerous partisans, who seized the present opportunity of reviving the old story of Mrs. Dr. Bethel's secret bargain for the lion's share of the great tithes of Stockham-Magna. The controversy even went the length of mysterious paragraphs in the *Wincham Journal*; and was only ended by Tom becoming convinced, that, if it were carried farther, the affair would be Fanny's death. She was, indeed, looking so wretchedly ill, three months after the remains of her aunt had been brought home to be laid in the family vault, that, when Tom next came from school on a visit, he flew to Miss Whitstone's room, in the deepest distress, to inquire if his sister was not in a consumption. Miss Whitstone hoped not. Fanny had not been well. She was in unequal spirits, and thinner, and paler; but without any decided ailment.

"She is pining for that fellow, Edmund," Tom cried, with a glowing face; "to whom her kind Aunt Bethel, would have given her with so little ceremony; and who does not seem in a hurry to claim the hand he once pretended to value so

much. Forgive me, Miss Whitstone: you are the only human being, save Fanny herself, in whom I have confidence, or to whom I can look for sympathy. I am sure if I knew what was best for poor Fanny, to whom I owe everything, I would do it, if it broke my own heart." And the subdued youth wept.

"That duty should not be heart-breaking, Tom. Your sister, with the tender and very uncommon ties that from babyhood have knit you together, would receive far more pleasure from your single approbation of her choice, than that of all her other relations put together. Your pride, Tom, or your prejudice, call it which you will, has been far more distressing to your sister than all her other trials. And you wrong Mr. Edmund:—he only waits her slightest intimation to fly to her; but while every week brought a fresh heroic epistle from you—indeed, you must forgive my freedom, Tom—what could the poor girl do? I assure you she has not wanted for my instigation to follow the dictates of her own heart and judgment in a matter which looks like one of life or death to her."

"I know you entertain but an indifferent opinion of my understanding and knowledge of life, ma'am," said Tom, with some pique; "but I am sure you cannot doubt the sincerity of my love for my sister."

"If I did so, sir, I should not now be thus parleying with you," replied the lady with severity.

"Well, dear ma'am," returned Tom insinuatingly, "you who love my own dear Fanny—that best, kindest, gentlest, sweetest of all sisters—so well, will you allow me one last experiment of a week's duration only? And, if it fail, I promise to give my consent to Captain Bethel's daughter becoming an artist's wife." The heroic air with which this was said, provoked a smile on the placid and benevolent features of Miss Whitstone, in spite of herself; and, before she could speak, Testy Tom exclaimed, "You laugh at me, as a foolish, raw schoolboy; but I don't mind that, so that you trust me this once."

"Laugh at you, Tom! no, surely—on the contrary, I am hand in glove with you; but may we learn the nature of your scheme, which I can have no doubt does equal honor to your fraternal affection, and Etonian acuteness?"

"You must not laugh at me, though," returned Thomas, his face mantling with the consciousness of possessing a delightful mystery—"I can bear you to laugh at me about anything in the world, save this." And he took a letter from his pocket-book. "You won't guess who this is from: my late aunt's heir, the Northern Bethel, as we have been used to call him. Ill as my uncle and the whole family have used him—neglected him like a poor relation, and hated him like an heir presumptive—he has behaved like an angel to my Uncle Bethel. He has been at Aix-la-Chapelle to visit him; and one of our gentlemen (viz., an Eton boy) informs me that it is understood he is to allow my uncle to enjoy a full half of my late aunt's revenue for the remainder of his life. My Uncle, you may be sure, was touched with this delicate generosity; for, beyond the term of her death, he was not, by law, entitled to draw one shilling. He has written me to be an attentive scholar, as he means to carry out the original plan of my education. But this letter"—and Tom struck it with his open fingers—"this is from that

fine fellow, young Bethel himself, inviting me to Bethel's Court, which my uncle has given up to him as a residence, and saying the kindest things to me and Fanny, whom he begs to call his 'cousins.' Now, the beauty—the very cream of it—is, that he has not written to the Rectory people at all."

Tom's eyes sparkled with gratified revenge. "So it won't be madam, my aunt, who can either obtain for me and my friends, or refuse us, a day's shooting at Bethel's Court, in a hurry again—or act as if all its gardens, hot-houses, and vineries, were more hers and her daughters', than poor Fanny's and mine."

Miss Whitstone, who had smiled all along, was now reading the letter, which she pronounced charming. "But, then, what has all this to do with delaying Mr. Edmund's answer a week, when the suspense is so hurtful to your sister's spirits, and so disrespectful to a person of whom we all have reason to think so highly as we do of Mr. Edmund?"

Tom suddenly recollected himself. "I shall tell you, only you, that, ma'am—for, wild dreamer as you may conclude me, I am sure you will not betray me; I wish Fanny to see Mr. Bethel, before she irrevocably pledge her fate. I am told he is a very well-looking man, and an accomplished, perfect gentleman; and you know, when a man comes to his property, he always thinks of marrying."

"At any rate, I am sure you will, Tom," said the smiling lady. "But what then?"

"What then? Dear ma'am, you are not wont to be so dull of apprehension:—if, which I think extremely likely, he should fancy our own Fanny!"

Miss Whitstone laughed heartily over Tom's basket of unhatched chickens; but looked in such good humor, that Tom durst not resent the liberty; and she atoned for all, by vowing that she knew not where the new inhabitant of Bethel's Court could find any wife half so charming or half so worthy of him. "And to have her, sweetest creature, so near me, too!" said the old lady, actually melting into delicious tears at Tom's hair-brained scheme. "But, poor Mr. Edmund!" she sighed, at last, but yet smiled as she looked to Tom. "Poh! never mind, my dear ma'am: I assure you we, lords of creation, are by no means so inconsolable upon such occasions as you ladies sometimes flatter yourselves. He shall get young Mrs. Bethel's picture to paint, at five hundred guineas: and, perhaps, if he wait ten years, my aunt, who admires him so much for Fanny, will give him my cousin Harriet."

Tom permitted Miss Whitstone to tell his sister the conditions upon which his brotherly approbation was to be obtained to her marriage:—namely, if she did not prefer Mr. Bethel in one week, or failed to make a conquest of him in one month. Tom now stipulated that it should be a full month after that gentleman's arrival; but he was hourly expected. Even with this distorted prospect of a haven, Fanny rather improved in spirits; for there was no chance of any one falling in love with her—she was sure of that—and as for her fidelity!—

Tom did the best he could to cheer her, and get her into good looks and proper training, before the important first interview.

Next day, cards were issued, by Mrs. Dr. Bethel, to the relatives and such neighbors as she

deemed proper for Mr. Bethel's acquaintance, for a welcoming dinner at Bethel's Court, to be followed by a ball to the tenants and a few friends. Tom swelled with indignation in the knowledge that his aunt assumed to manage this entertainment—at the owner's expense, however—and, at once, to take Fanny's intended lover into her own dexterous hands. He vowed to circumvent her.

When the day of the entertainment came, Fanny was so nervous and distressed that there was no need to feign the headache which she pleaded as an excuse for absence in the note sent to her aunt, by whom her illness was very graciously lamented. Mrs. Dr. Bethel did not approve of distracting a young gentleman's affections by too many fair objects at the same time. He had his choice of Harriet, the stately and *stylish*, and Frances, the lively and pretty, with the different foils her maternal cares had collected in the neighborhood.

From the quarrel originating in the family mourning, Tom had not once crossed the threshold of the Rectory. He lived with a family in the vicinity of Bethel's Court, but beyond it in relation to Wincham, and only arrived in that town to see his sister receive those finishing touches in dress from Miss Collins' own hands, and those of the most fashionable friseur in the place, which he had bespoken; and to attend her to the grand scene of display.

What was Tom's horror—and, in spite of all his tenderness, his anger—to find his beauty of the night, languid, pale, exhausted, and bearing deep traces of suffering and recent tears! He scolded, he kissed, he coaxed in turns. Surely she would go with him to the ball! "It was not too late for that, though they might miss dinner. She might even lie down for an hour to refresh herself, and recover her looks. Their allies, the Taylors, and her particular correspondent and admirer, Mr. Richard, were come down, and would be so rejoiced to see her."

"I know all that," returned Fanny; "but with them came Mr. Edmund! Indeed, indeed, Tom—dear brother—you must not force me out to-night."

Tom looked aghast at her information, and muttered what sounded in her ears as curses of her lover. Spite of her gentleness, this was more than Fanny could endure. "I will not hear this!" she exclaimed passionately, and becoming deadly pale, as if about to faint; and Tom, overcome and alarmed, implored her forgiveness, and brought Miss Whitstone to mediate for him, and restore Fanny. Tom began to fancy that there might be, even among girls, affections too strong and deep to be fully understood by the wits of Eton. Fanny, who had never denied any request of Tom's in her whole life, however unreasonable in itself, was not slow to accord her forgiveness, deeply and indelibly as his conduct had wounded her heart; and no sooner was he pardoned than, like a true man, he returned to his original point: "Would she not confirm his pardon by granting his request—to appear with him when he was first presented to Mr. Bethel—whose good opinion and friendship might be so important to his future prospects?" Tom now pleaded on the score of prudence, and as if for the greatest personal favor; and Miss Whitstone at last joined him. "Indeed, my love, I think you might gratify Tom this once, since he has set his heart upon it—with so many old

friends to see too—and the new master of Bethel's Court might, I flatter myself, miss his young cousins."

"Cousins a hundred and fifty times removed," said Fanny, almost pettishly. But, with her natural sweetness, she added—"Since you rule it so, ma'am, I shall prepare." And as she rose, Tom kissed her over and over, and ran himself to the perfumer's for as much rose-water to take away the redness about her eyes, as might have half-drowned her. His charges to Miss Collins and Patty, who were now both summoned by Tom as assistant dressers, were, "Now, don't let Miss Bethel make a dowdy of herself." And when the dressing was finished, though Patty declared that, in that clear muslin frock and white satin slip, she looked like an angel, Tom found her not half like enough to a "Fashion of the Month" to please him. Her gloves did not fit, and her slippers—far too large for her—were, indeed, what it would have made Tom mad to know, misfits of her cousin Fanny's, sent to her in economy. Then her ringlets drooped too long and hung too free. Fashionable girls wore their hair at present so—Tom could not name it, but he endeavored to imitate the thing he meant; and Miss Collins joined in opinion with him; while Patty cried—"Oh no! Those lovely flowing ringlets which Mr. Edmund thinks so charming a style for Miss Bethel!" Tom would not curse now; but it cost him an effort to be tranquil, while he inquired why Fanny did not wear her pearls with the ruby clasps—her mother's beautiful pearls, which had been preserved for her; and he requested her, at least on this gala night, to gratify him by using those ornaments. They were at the rectory. "Then, we shall call round till you get them—and your mother's beautiful Cachmere too:—and then, if *our* Fanny—hey, Miss Whitstone!—cannot be so fashionable as Aunt Bethel's bedizened beauties, she shall be as expensively attired."

"Now, Tom, my dear boy, keep your temper," said the lady addressed. "I was almost as angry with Fanny's simplicity yesterday, as you could have been; and even more angry with the encroaching, selfish temper of my cousin, who chose to display the shawl to advantage on Harriet's fine figure, and contrast the strings of pearls with her own Fanny's dark tresses. Let us hope that the principal beaux to-night—those worth killing, I mean—believe, though the belief grows every day more rare, 'that loveliness needs not'—you all remember it. At least, my love, if the gentlemen of Bethel's Court don't admire you just as you are, be assured that Patty, and myself, and Mr. Edmund will—and Mr. Tom also."

"And that is all I care for," said the distracted Fanny, taking leave. "But how I wish this night were over, and I was back to you!—but don't you sit for me."

"Nay, I shall sit. You know, I am this night to give you, and Mr. Edmund, and friend Tom there, if he choose, and Mr. Richard Taylor, my very old friend, a *petit souper*, of sago and small negus, in my own chamber, in the style of the Old Court."

"Don't wait us, pray, ma'am," cried Tom, pulling his sister's arm within his own, tolerably well pleased, or reconciled to Fanny's dress, and fancying her ringlets not unbecoming after all, and tolerably confident that she must captivate Mr. Bethel if she would only set out. His kind encouragement, and thanks for exertion to oblige

him, and a drive in the quiet starlight, with Tom's arm around her, tended to tranquillize Fanny's spirits. "It is but a few more hours," she whispered to herself—"and then but a few days; and as soon as poor Tom, who does all these cruel things from the truest, though the most mistaken, love for me, learns to know Mr. Edmund, as he cannot fail soon to be known, we shall be so happy, with again a home, a fireside of our own—a happiness we have never known from infancy. I shall be so glad to see the Taylors, too, who were so kind to us in childhood." And she said aloud—"You remember the Brunswick Square Taylors, Tom, who were so kind to us when we came from India?"

"Well—and also who gave you that famous *Frau Jansen* which Harriet robbed you of, as she has to-night of your Cachmere. By Heavens! if I saw her hanging on Mr. Bethel's arm in that shawl, I would almost pluck it from her shoulders."

The carriage was now within the extensive grounds of Bethel's Court; and at every opening of the trees, or curve of the long winding approach, glimpses of the illuminated mansion were alternately caught, and again darkened in shadow or lost in total obscurity. Though the Allahbad Bethels had now resided for more than twelve years in this vicinity, neither of them had ever before seen the cheerful, life-giving sight of evening lights in their ancestral home. The house stood rather low, by the river, which made so fine a feature in the home landscape; and, as they passed through the thick obscurity of the neighboring groves, they found the old hereditary rooks startled from their nests, wheeling overhead, and cawing in terror. When the full sweep of the low, wide, blazing architectural front burst upon them, every object touched by the magic of light and shadow, Tom Bethel, in the high-wrought enthusiasm of the moment, pressed his sister more closely to his side, and exclaimed, "My own darling Fanny! could I but once see you the mistress of that house, I would give up every wish, surmount every care, for myself." And Tom was not more insincere than thousands of brothers and mothers have been before him, who, in pursuing their own half-selfish ambition, fancy they are making amazing sacrifices to promote the happiness of the being they torment.

The aristocracy of the party were leaving the drawing-room to proceed to the saloon—as the old stone hall had been new-named—to open the ball, as Tom Bethel's chaise drove up; and, amid the blaze of flambeaux without, and lamps within, he perceived, far off, his aunt, and his cousin Harriet, in the Cachmere, conducted by a gentleman, whom he rightly concluded the master of the mansion.

"They've hooked him already, by all that's sacred!" whispered Tom. "O, Fanny! why would you not come sooner? But, for any sake, now, don't be foolish—don't tremble so, you dear little fool." He lifted her out, and they entered the hall. Mr. Bethel and his ladies had paused in crossing, at the far end of the hall, to examine some of that rare quaint rich carving in wood, still to be found in a few ancient English mansions, and for which England was at one time so celebrated. His party, and those approaching them, were still separated by a short flight of marble steps, running across the hall; so that, while

Fanny and her brother were below, Mr. Bethel stood as it were upon a platform, or *dais*, with his back to those advancing. It was with difficulty that Tom, with his supporting arm round her waist, dragged his sister up these few steps; but, upon the last, she sunk on her knees, and leaned upon his shoulder; while, moved, as if by an instinctive feeling of her presence—for he could scarcely have seen her—Mr. Bethel disengaged himself from the arms of mother and daughter, and flew to Fanny's assistance.

"Very well, indeed!" said the younger lady, with a sneer. "If Fanny be late, she is determined to make a sensation when she does come." But Mrs. Bethel advanced to the group. Fanny had not fainted. She held the hands of her brother Tom and Mr. Edmund in her own, while her beautiful face, now richly suffused with rosy bloom, breathed the rapture of a spirit that first sees unfolded the gates of Paradise.

Though I had not seen Little Fanny Bethel for so many years—standing where she stood, and looking as she then looked, and knowing all I knew, I recognized her in the instant, and introduced myself. Then turning to Tom, after a friendly shake of his disengaged hand, I claimed the privilege, as a common acquaintance, of introducing Mr. Edmund Bethel to Mr. Thomas Bethel. All his Etonian self-possession could not sustain Tom at this instant. His face became of twenty colors, the burning crimson of shame predominating, and remaining fixed on his brow.

"Oh, what a fool I have been!—what a monster to my poor Fanny!—who, while she has fifty times my goodness, has a hundred times my sense." Mr. Bethel, without exactly hearing or caring to hear these words, shook hands most cordially with Tom, "his cousin"—to whom he "hoped soon to be more nearly allied," he whispered; and Fanny smiled like an angelic being.

"Fanny, my dear," said the advancing Mrs. Bethel, "what tempted you to brave the night air? I shall positively send you back with the carriage which has brought you—"

"Oh, do, dear ma'am," returned Fanny, who found this proposal the greatest possible relief in the present state of her feelings.

"Leave my niece to my management, Mr. Bethel," continued the bustling lady; "I shall chide cousin Whitstone well, I assure you, for letting her abroad. Come, Fanny, dear, I shall send Hopkins, my own maid, home with you."

"I will attend my sister home," cried Tom Bethel.

"I must be permitted that honor," cried Mr. Bethel. "My friendly guests, to whom I am quite a stranger—save, I dare say, that I have painted staring portraits of some of them—will gladly take Tom and Mr. Henry as my gay substitutes in their revel!"

Mrs. Bethel stared. "I would give up my claim for no man living, save Mr. Edmund Bethel," was my rejoinder.

Mrs. Bethel started! and looked from one to another. The truth flashed upon her mind. She had overshot the mark. Exquisite dissembler as she was, it was impossible altogether to conceal her feelings upon this singular turn of fortune. Tom Bethel gloated upon the passionate working and twitching of his aunt's features. He ran himself to inform Harriet, that Mr. Edmund, the painter, whose addresses to his sister had lately

been urged on by her mother, was none other than Mr. Edmund Bethel! Her stifled scream of surprise was music to him.

It was finally settled that Mr. Bethel and myself should attend Fanny to Wincham, while Tom and Henry Bethel, who were every way qualified, should do the honors of the rustic ball. I pretended a love of free air and star-gazing, and desired to sit without; and, though Fanny pleaded and protested that I would catch cold, I persisted—and I hope she forgave my obstinacy. She ran to Miss Whitstone—smiling, benevolent, happy Miss Whitstone—as we entered the house; and playfully chided her for having so mystified them, and allowed Tom to commit himself. “Poor Tom is still so young, poor fellow!” said she, stealing at Mr. Bethel one of her old childish looks of innocent fascination,—“and he loves me so truly!”

“And that affection might cover a multitude of sins, were they ten times worse than those of poor Tom,” returned Mr. Bethel. “Be assured, I forgive his no-offence to myself most sincerely. Indeed, Fanny, I grudged you to a poor painter as

much as Tom could himself have done, though that painter was myself!”

Nothing could be better said; and few explanations were required. Mr. Edmund Bethel had wished to spend a summer, near Bethel’s court, and had found inducements to return another and another. It seems I had, among so many Bethels, introduced him as Mr. Edmund, and he kept by the half-name given him. The marriage took place in a month afterwards, to the entire satisfaction of all Wincham and Stockham-Magna—so universal a favorite was Fanny. It was, perhaps, the only marriage ever contracted under such flattering auspices; for even Mrs. Bethel was with the majority. She very properly said that, if she had consented while Fanny’s lover was an obscure person, how rejoiced she must be now to find him one so different!

On the day of his sister’s marriage, Tom obtained an appointment as midshipman in his Majesty’s navy. He is now a lieutenant, and has lost, with much of his Latin and Greek, a great deal of his Etonian refinement and knowledge of the world.

THE HUSBAND’S COMPLAINT.

I HATE the name of German wool in all its colors bright;
Of chairs and stools in fancy-work I hate the very sight.

The shawls and slippers that I’ve seen—the ottomans and bags—
Sooner than wear a stitch on me, I’d walk the street in rags.

I’ve heard of wives too musical, too talkative, or quiet—

Of scolding or of gaming wives, and those too fond of riot;

But yet, of all the errors known which to the women fall,

For ever doing fancy-work I think exceeds them all.

The other day, when I came home, no dinner got for me;

I asked my wife the reason, and she answered,
“One, two, three!”

I told her I was hungry, and I stamped upon the floor;

She never even looked at me, but murmured,
“One green more.”

Of course she makes me angry, though she does n’t care for that,

But chatters, while I talk to her, “One white, and then a black.

One green, and then a purple—(just hold your tongue, my dear;

You really do annoy me so)—I’ve made a wrong stitch here.”

And as for confidential chat, with her eternal *frame*,
Though I should speak of fifty things, she’d answer me the same.

‘Tis, “Yes, love—five reds, then a black—(I quite agree with you)—

I’ve done this wrong—seven, eight, nine, ten—an orange, then a blue.”

If any lady comes to tea, her bag is first surveyed;
And, if the pattern pleases her, a copy then is made.

She stares the men quite out of face; and when I ask her why?

‘Tis, “O! my love, the pattern of his waistcoat struck my eye.”

And if to walk I am inclined (‘t is seldom I go out,) At every worsted-shop she sees, oh! how she looks about,

And says, “Bless me! I must go in—the pattern is so rare;

That group of flowers is just the thing I wanted for my chair.”

Besides, the things she makes are all such touch-me-not affairs,

I dare not even use a stool nor screen: and, as for chairs,

‘T was only yesterday I put my youngest boy in one,

And until then I never knew my wife had such a tongue.

Alas! for my poor little ones, they dare not move or speak;

‘T is “Tom, be still; put down that bag. Why, Harriet, where’s your feet?

Maria! standing on that stool! it was not made for use;—

Be silent all. Three greens, one red, a blue, and then a puce.”

Oh! Heaven preserve me from a wife with fancy-work run wild,

And hands which never do aught else for husband or for child.

Our clothes are rent, our bills unpaid, our house is in disorder:

And all because my lady-wife has taken to embroidery.

I’ll put my children out to school—I’ll go across the sea;

My wife so full of fancy-work, I’m sure cannot miss me.

E’en while I write she still keeps on her “One, two, three, and four.”

She’s past all hope. Those Berlin wools, I’ll not endure them more! *Britannia.*

From Chambers' Journal.

It is nine years since we addressed our readers in a formal manner about ourselves. Will they have patience with an egotism which observes such a long silence? We presume they will, and shall therefore proceed to say a few words about our position and prospects.

The Journal is now entering upon its fourteenth year. We begin to get letters from lady subscribers, who tell us they commenced reading it when they were little girls, and now have two babies rapidly rising to strike in as readers too. In fact, it is becoming a somewhat venerable publication. Well, we trust it is not the worse for that, but somewhat the better. We are at least assured that its acceptance with the public is not less than it ever was, for its sale—raised one-half by the change of size—is not much under ninety thousand copies. The most popular magazines circulate, we believe, from six to nine thousand; but the sale of the Journal in its magazine shape alone (the monthly part being strictly a magazine) is about forty thousand. During the currency of this work, we have brought out several others: a series of books designed to aid in the realization of an improved education;* a kind of encyclopædia for the middle and working-classes;† a history of English literature, chiefly intended to introduce the young to the Pantheon of our national authors.‡ And all of these works have met with success hardly less marked than that of the Journal. Indeed, that of the Information for the People has been considerably more, for the average sale of the numbers of that publication has been about a hundred and thirty thousand—a fact, we believe, unprecedented in the same department of literature. More recently we have commenced another work, a series of tracts designed for the instruction and entertainment of a still humbler class of readers; § and already it would appear as if the ordinary sale of this work is to be greatly beyond that of any other, the impressions required of the first few numbers (all yet prepared) having been in no case less than a hundred and fifty thousand, and in some instances nearly two hundred thousand, copies. Verily, it must be admitted, there is here a vast diffusion of literature, of whatever kind it may be. Or may we not rather say that these things mark an entirely new era in literature, something which throws all the former efforts of the press into the shade?

Let us just look for a moment into the details of this phenomenon. We write at present in a huge building of four stories, flanked by a powerful steam-engine, and with the noise of ten printing machines continually sounding in our ears. Several of these are engaged in working off impressions, the production of which at a common hand-press, such as formed the sole means of typography a few years ago, would have required nearly the time then requisite for a voyage to India and back. A hundred and twenty persons are required for all the duties which proceed in this large structure, though these have exclusively a regard to works edited by ourselves. Upwards of a quarter of a million of printed sheets leave the house each week, being as many as the whole newspaper

press of Scotland issued in a month about the year 1833. Our publications, which at first were expected by the booksellers to be the ruin of their business, do not yield them less than fifteen thousand pounds a-year of profit; while yet the number of ordinary books published each year, instead of being diminished, is considerably increased. These are some of the material details; but who shall say what are the particulars of the moral results of this enormous contagion of paper and print! We willingly allow each man to judge from what he observes in his own familiar circle. We have, for our part, a general and all-sufficient faith.

Friends to whom we chance to mention some of these matters, often say to us, "What a power for good or evil you possess!" There could not be a greater mistake. It is not a power for evil at all. This has been tried, and fully proved, by other editors. Similar works without number have been presented to the public, but, because they pandered to the meaner feelings of our nature, they invariably failed. We have ever felt, that, whatever might be our own inclinations, we must aim at the pure, the elevating, and good, if we would wish our publications to acquire any permanent hold of the public mind. It is a common notion, we believe, among the clever fellows, that the public is to be gulled, tickled, addressed as a child, and that, the lower the tone assumed, they will be the more pleased. Our experience says quite the reverse. We have, and always have had, an unfeigned respect for both the intellectual and moral character of the public. We sincerely believe that the higher sentiments rule its general procedure, and that the grosser souls are in all ordinary circumstances powerless. We therefore never doubted that, in earnestly seeking to give good counsel and innocent entertainment, we were taking the course which common prudence would have dictated, all the sophistications of all the Jenkinsons notwithstanding; and it is thus that we feel assured of our publications being attended with good effects upon the community. They only have a large sale because they address and meet responses in the better feelings of the mass of our countrymen.

When the publications of Mr. Knight and others are taken into account, it will be seen that the amount of literature now diffused among the people must be something very different from what it was a few years ago. On a moderate calculation, we cannot doubt that our own publications are fully doubled by the other works of a respectable kind now issued weekly; that is to say, there are not fewer than half a million of cheap sheets published every week. Add to these the very considerable number of cheap book-publications, copyright and otherwise, and it must be apparent that there is a moral agency at work in this country such as has never been formerly known, except in the most feeble form. Is it not now, indeed, for the first time, that the powers of the printing-press have been turned to their right account? And yet, after all, it is highly questionable if anything like full advantage has been taken of the powers of this marvellous engine. There is no default in its own mechanism, but the mechanism for the diffusion of its productions is still far from being what is desirable. The system of bookselling in this country has not undergone an improvement at all comparable to that which we have seen in the paper-making and typographical departments. No fault is it in the members of that excellent frater-

* Educational Course—37 volumes published.

† Information for the People, 2 vols. royal 8vo.

‡ Cyclopædia of English Literature, 2 vols. royal 8vo.

§ Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts, appearing in weekly numbers at a penny and halfpenny each.

nity. But books such as we refer to ought to be sold by many others besides ordinary booksellers. Why should it be that tea, tobacco, and even less approvable articles demanded by the people, should be purchasable in the smallest quantities in every village in the empire, and not that literature which has become, in one form or another, almost as much a necessary of life as any? Surely, in many of the little establishments where the needs and cravings of the frail body are supplied, those of the immortal spirit might also be gratified; and that without necessarily diminishing the trade of the ordinary booksellers? One fact will illustrate this. In a little village, where at one time none of our publications were sold, a philanthropic gentleman induced a female dealer in small wares to commence selling the 'Tracts.' She quickly found regular customers for forty copies. Here were forty copies sold where formerly the work was unheard of; and we cannot doubt that thousands of places are in the like predicament. There must certainly be some improvement in the book-selling system of the country; we must have this kind of wares presented in many quarters where it formerly was unthought of, ere we can say that the system of cheap publication is complete, or has "gathered all its fame." A benevolent friend has suggested that persons verging upon pauperism might often help themselves in some degree to a livelihood, if individuals taking a kindly interest in them were to furnish them with a first stock of such wares. We have had the plan tried in several instances, and have found it effectual.* Perhaps by such means, in addition to all others, the extreme limits of the diffusibility of popular literature might in time be reached.

When this point is attained, and great effects begin to become apparent to those who watch the signs of nations, it is not unlikely that the humble services of the individuals now addressing the public will be remembered and inquired into. It will perhaps be recollected that Chambers' Journal was the first periodical work which aimed at giving respectable literature at a price which made it accessible to every class of persons really desirous of reading, and that in that and several other publications, without the slightest extraneous support, its editors arrived at and maintained for several years an extraordinary degree of success. May it not then be asked, what was the cause of this success? To what are we to attribute the existence of that vast ten-machine printing-house? Will it be worth while to listen for a moment to the impressions which were entertained on that subject by ourselves? Presuming that there may be some curiosity on such a point, we will here mention that we attribute it not to any peculiar literary talent; we attribute it not to any extraordinary intellectual gifts; neither do we think fortune had anything whatever to do with it. It arose solely from the view we took of the duties resting upon those who make a profession of the

pen. We felt, in the first place, that foresight, punctuality, and other homely and prudential virtues, were necessary even for the purpose of enabling us to possess our minds in peace—that peace without which no studious life can be conducted to any good results. And it was but a corollary from that view, that we should have a publishing system under our own command, as by no other means could the requisite unity of movement and procedure have been attained. On this point we would observe incidentally, that we trust yet to make out a problem of no small consequence to men of letters—that is to say, we trust to establish, that to employ a printing and bookselling system to work out his purposes, is a much more eligible position for the literary laborer, than to come with all his powers of thought, and the aspirations attending them, and subordinate these to a man of trade. We think it will be found that the first position, which is ours, is that by far the best fitted to secure independence of action, and even that elevation of mind which is supposed to rest apart from trade, as well as exemption from those degrading cares which are so hostile to the exercise of the higher faculties, and have been the shipwreck of so many votaries of letters. We further felt that the tasks assumed by us were of a very different character from what their external features indicated to the shallower class of minds. Even to speak of materialities alone, the aggregate vastness of a cheap publication was calculated to impress a strong sense of the importance of such a work. What came before the eyes of individuals as a single sheet at an infinitesimal price, presented itself to our sense in colossal piles of paper and print, and large commercial transactions. At the fountain-head, its respectability, in the common sense of the word, could not be matter of doubt, whatever it might in the remote rills of diffusion. But, remarking the great appetency of the middle and humbler classes for the reading of such works, it was impossible not to advance to far higher considerations, and see, in the establishment of such a miscellany as the Journal, the attainment of a predicatorial position hardly paralleled in the country. It fully appeared that such a work, if conducted in a right spirit, might enable its editors weekly to address an audience of unexampled numbers. We felt that by this means a vast amount of unequivocal good might be effected amongst the humbler classes in particular. Coming before them with no stamp of authority to raise prejudice, but as the undoubted friend of all, it could convey counsel and instruction where more august missionaries might fail. Gaining the heart of the poor man, always inclined to jealousy, it might, by dint of its absolute transparent well-meaning, force reproofs and maxims upon him which he would take from no other hand. By such a work the young might be, even in the receipt of amusement, actuated to industrious and honorable courses. Everywhere, by presenting entertainment of a pure nature, and of superior attractiveness, that which was reprehensible might be superseded. Nor might it be impossible, even in so small a work, to present papers of an original kind in the departments of fancy and humor, as well as of observation and reflection, such as might be expected to cultivate the higher powers of the popular intellect.

While, then, many superficial persons scoffed at the course we had entered upon, we saw in it

* A mendicant, applying for alms at our office in Glasgow, was furnished with two copies of a tract, that he might endeavor to sell them in the streets, and thus make money by a more legitimate mode. He disposed of them in ten minutes, and came back with the money to purchase more. Having sold these also, he returned for a new supply, and, in short, his transactions in four hours reached six shillings, leaving himself a clear gain of one and sixpence. He was to have come back to renew his efforts next morning; but, unfortunately, from whatever cause, he never reappeared.

the means of a large usefulness, and gave ourselves to it with cordial good-will. Determining first upon a few leading principles—particularly that political and theological controversy should never receive a moment's attention; animated by sincere and earnest wishes to promote whatever was clearly calculated to be beneficial to our fellow-creatures in the mass; despising all trivial and petty objects, and aiming ever to confer a dignity upon our own pursuits—we advanced in our course, and persevered in it year after year; never once doubting that the issue would justify and illustrate our first resolutions. The result, we may surely say, is to some extent determined, and that in a manner favorable to the soundness of our views; for how otherwise could it be that (to look no higher for proof) there is at this time no literary system in the country which approaches ours in magnitude? How else should it be that, while all other literary operations are conducted with more or less jarring between associated interests, and while most have to resort to extraneous expedients for success, we scatter the matter of hundreds of thousands of volumes annually over the land, without experiencing the slightest disturbance from sordid details, or ever having to look a moment beyond the intrinsic value of the article itself for a means of arresting public attention.

We would, in conclusion, express our humble trust that the ordinary readers of the Journal can be under no risk of misunderstanding the nature of these remarks. We have spoken in the language of earnestness and of truth, on a subject on which we are conscious of entertaining other besides feelings of self-love, and where public interests are, we think, as much concerned as our own. This kind of language usually meets with sympathy, and we humbly hope that on the present occasion there will be no exception from the rule.

ONLY ONE MURDER.

[We find the following in the "Christian Witness," but do not know from what work it is taken. Let us all, while we see how clearly the poor Greenlander was wrong in wishing to indulge himself *only this once*, look at our own hearts, which are as disobedient, though our minds are more enlightened.]

It has ever been a fixed law in Greenland, that murder, and particularly the murder of a father, must be avenged. About twenty years before the arrival of Saabye, a father had been murdered in the presence of his son, a lad of thirteen, in a most atrocious manner. The boy was not able then to avenge the crime, but the murderer was not forgotten. He left that part of the country, and kept the flame burning in his bosom twenty-five years, no suitable opportunity offering for revenge, as the man was high in influence, and many near to defend him. At length his plan was laid, and with some of his relations to assist him, he returned to the province of the murderer, who lived near the house of the Saabye; there being no house unoccupied, where they might remain, but one owned by Saabye, they requested it, and it was granted, without any remark, although he knew the object of their coming.

The son soon became interested in the kind missionary, and often visited his cabin, giving as his reason, "you are so amiable, I cannot keep away from you." Two or three weeks after, he requested to know more of "the great Lord of heaven," of whom Saabye had spoken. His request was cheerfully granted. Soon it appeared that himself, and all his relations were desirous of instruction, and, ere long, the son requested baptism. To this request the missionary answered, "Kunnuk, you know God: you know that he is good, that he loves you, and desires to make you happy; but he desires also that you shall obey him."

Kunnuk answered, "I love him, I will obey him."

"His command is, 'Thou shalt not murder.'" The poor Greenlander was much affected and silent. "I know," said the missionary, "why you have come here with your relations; but this you must not do, if you wish to become a believer."

Agitated, he answered, "but he murdered my father."

For a long time the missionary pressed this point, the poor awakened heathen promising to "kill *only one*." But this was not enough. "Thou shalt do *no* murder," Saabye insisted was the command of the great Lord of heaven. He exhorted him to leave the murderer in the hand of God to be punished in another world; but this was waiting too long for revenge. The missionary refused him baptism, without obedience to the command. He retired to consult his friends. They urged him to revenge.

Saabye visited him, and without referring to the subject, read those portions of scripture and hymns teaching a quiet and forgiving temper. Some days after, Kunnuk came again to the cabin of the Saabye. "I will," said he, "and I will not; I hear and I do not hear. I never felt so before; I will forgive him, and I will not forgive him. The missionary told him, when he *would* forgive, then his better spirit spoke; when he *would not* forgive, then his unconverted heart spoke." He then repeated to him the latter part of the life of Jesus, and his prayer for his murderers. A tear stood in his eye. "But he was better than me," said Kunnuk. "But God will give us strength," Saabye answered. He then read the martyrdom of Stephen, and his dying prayer for his enemies. Kunnuk dried his eyes and said, "The wicked men! He is happy; he is certainly with God in heaven. My heart is so moved, but give me a little time; when I have brought the other heart to silence, I will come again." He soon returned with a joyful countenance, saying, "Now I am happy; I hate no more; I have forgiven; my wicked heart shall be silent." He and his wife, having made a clear profession of faith in Christ, were baptized and received into the church. Soon after, he sent the following note to the murderer of his father: "I am now a believer, and you have nothing to fear," and invited him to his house. The man came, and invited Kunnuk, in turn, to visit him. Contrary to the advice of his friends, Kunnuk went, and as he was returning home, he found a hole had been cut in his boat in order that he might be drowned. Kunnuk stepped out of the water, saying, "He is still afraid, though I will not harm him!"